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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXI. No. 827. SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1922. TWOPENCE.

Edited by W. CHARLES PILLEY

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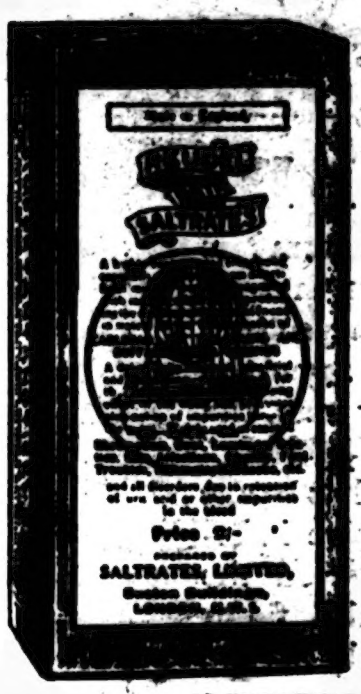

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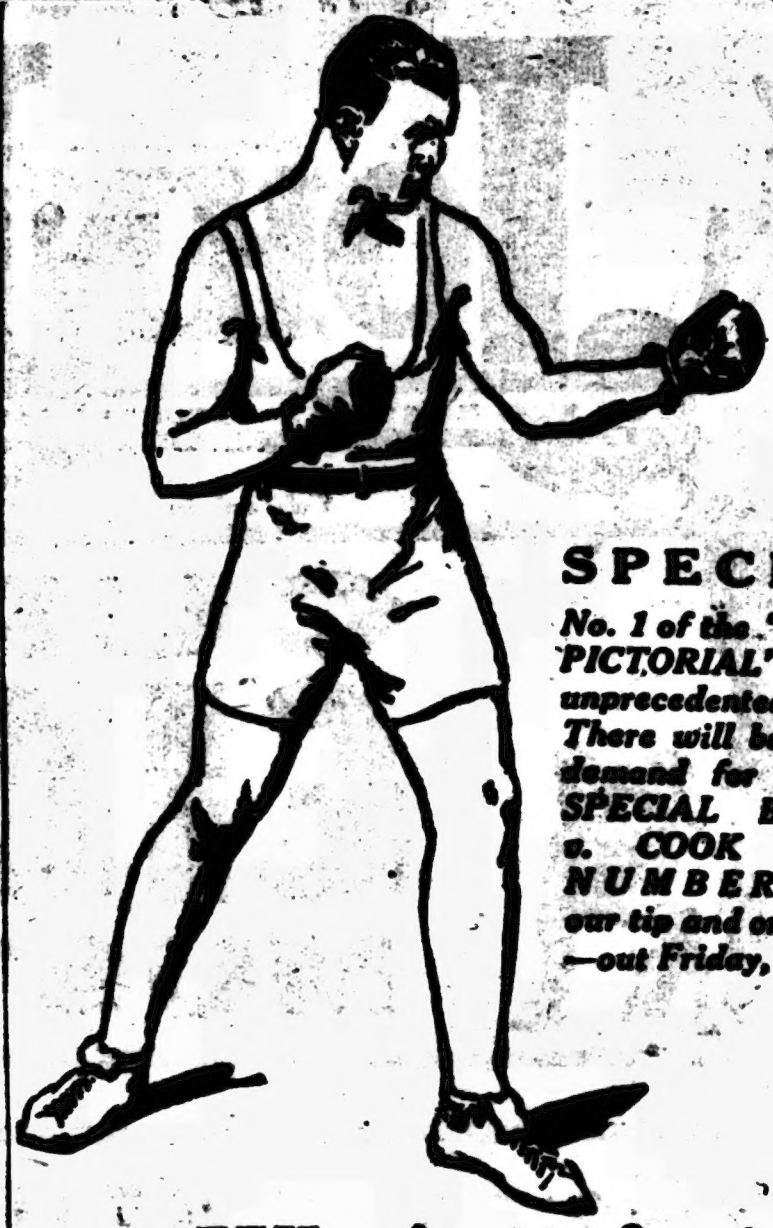

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The preparation known as Kotalko may be obtained by sending sixpence stamps or P.O. for trial size, to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 G.), London, W. 1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

Should a Parent Tell?

FREE information, literature and advice concerning the dangers of Venereal Disease can be obtained from the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 84A, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

Everyone should possess the "Welfare Library," 17 books on social subjects). 5/6 post Free.

JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain, Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant: Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer, The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXXI. No. 827. Week ending Saturday, April 8th, 1922. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day]

Peace in Our Time.

If the Ulster settlement holds, Michael Collins and de Valera will be left free to adjust their differences in true Hibernian fashion. Still, even Irishmen grow tired of fighting sometimes, so let us not despair.

The Magic Potion.

It seems as though Collins and Craig must really have taken our advice to discuss their differences over a social glass. We wish we knew the "tipple" that worked the magic trick.

Those Canteen Accounts.

Although it is nearly two years since a balance-sheet of the Expeditionary Force Canteen Board was promised, it has not yet made its appearance. Yet the Secretary for War disclaims any wish to "conceal the facts," and declares that he will publish the figures as soon as he can get them. But why *can't* he get them?

The Retentive Grasp.

It is disquieting to learn, moreover, that the War Office holds the enormous sum of £128,000 of back pay due to ex-Service men in asylums, and that, in the event of death, there is often considerable delay in paying over the money to the next-of-kin. But this Department always did have sticky fingers.

In the Air.

We have gathered from more than one unimpeachable source that aviation in Germany is going ahead vigorously, despite the Allied "restrictions." It is being absolutely neglected by our supine authorities here—relying, no doubt, upon the League of Nations to protect us from bombing attacks during the next war.

Poor Lord Reading!

Like wildfire the report of Lord Reading's resignation from the post of Viceroy of India ran round the Clubs one night last week, only to be officially contradicted next morning. If the rumour could be traced to its source, no doubt it would be found that "the wish was father to the thought"—unless, of course, we are guessing wrong.

Sir Frederick Milner.

It is bad news that Sir Frederick Milner, Bart., is suffering so severely from the strain of his work on behalf of ex-Service men that he has been ordered a complete rest, and will be unable for some time to attend to correspondence. We mention the fact here in view of the lively interest sure to be aroused by the remarkable article we publish this week from the right honourable gentleman's pen.

The Prim Victorians.

According to Mr. A. B. Walkley, there is only one kiss recorded in the whole of Jane Austen's novels. What a life!

Another Police Strike?

Serious trouble is brewing in the police force over the new pay reductions. The mass of the men are loyal—but, as usual, officialdom has blundered and given the agitators their chance.

Some Authority!

We note that Lord Riddell, a friend of the Prime Minister and the proprietor of our chaste and improving contemporary, the *News of the World*, is contributing a series of articles to a weekly contemporary on "The Moral Duty of Belief." We must try to profit by them.

CUP FINAL

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MUST BE WON.

Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of cover.

The Other "J. B."

The latest news in regard to John Burns, who has rather faded from the picture lately, is that he intends to contest Battersea again at the General Election—and not as a Labour candidate.

A Hint for Horne.

As we anticipated, this year's revenue from beer and spirits is down by £5,000,000. The obvious remedy is to reduce taxation, cheapen prices, increase consumption—and please everyone but Pussyfoot.

Asking for More.

No harm will be done by the forthcoming Conference of Welsh delegates at Shrewsbury to settle the details of a Welsh Home Rule Bill, but the news that this measure has been drafted at the suggestion of the Prime Minister rather takes our breath away. We should have thought Mr. Lloyd George had heard enough of Home Rule to last him a lifetime.

"Cross" Examination.

If correctly reported, Mr. Percival Clarke, prosecuting the other day in a case at the Old Bailey, went much beyond the bounds of decorum in saying to a witness in cross-examination: "You are such a liar." It was for Mr. Clarke to prove this, if he could, to the satisfaction of the jury; and for the future he had better bear in mind the saying of a lawyer far more eminent than himself, that "the art of cross-examination was not to examine crossly."

Dust to Dust.

The passing of the ex-Emperor Karl of Austria sees the end of the House of Hapsburg as a reigning dynasty. No flowers!

The Test Case.

In a facetious mood Sir Alfred Mond recently suggested that "a newly-married couple should be so happy that they can enjoy living in one room." If the right hon. gentleman really wants to put the matter to the test, perhaps he will suggest it to his daughter and Sir Neville Pearson—to whom the best of luck.

Judicial Politicians.

The simple explanation of the Carson-Birkenhead squabble is that a salary of £6,000 a year does not reconcile Lord Carson to seeing "F. E." gallop as of old while he is expected to amble at a leisurely judicial pace. It is time a definite law was passed excluding Judges from all share in politics.

A Dear Padre.

Thus a reader signing himself "Tommy Atkins," and writing from Mesopotamia: "I believe you are out for economy. Why do you allow a Chaplain Staff Colonel £2,500 a year for administration purposes in Baghdad?" Presumably to see that Tommy Atkins doesn't miss his way to Church—but it's a lot of money, all the same.

A Draconian Judge.

In the opinion of Judge Cluer, £70 is far too little compensation for the entire loss of the sight of an eye. "People who offer that sum," says his Honour, "should have an eye taken out themselves." Such a Spartan treatment of mean employers would no doubt have a wholesome tendency to encourage the others.

"Better and Better."

The most sought-after man in London to-day is Professor Coué, of auto-suggestion fame. How about applying his method to the national situation? Say softly twenty-five times every night, "We are every day becoming more and more industrious, economical, good-humoured and prosperous." Now, all together, please—and see what happens.

Nourishment.

Our estimable contemporary, the *New Statesman*, reviewing a book called "The Secret of Asia," and other volumes by an Indian writer, remarks that "it would be good that Englishmen, nourished on JOHN BULL and the *Daily Mail*, should read a few books like these." The choice of the word "nourished" is doubtless intentional—the plain inference being that the readers of less robust journals are merely "fed."

It Could be Done.

That 400,000 of its inhabitants should be packed away in gloomy one-room tenements is not a credit to the wealthiest city in the world. It is ludicrous to suppose that the Government which found £7,000,000 a day during the war could not provide housing for these unfortunate people outside the city and arrange transport facilities for them to reach their work. The way exists, but not the will.

Houses.

Sir Alfred Mond, Minister of Health, still however, asserts that he is not building houses because nobody really wants them. If people get married, says he in effect, one room ought to be enough. "No housing scheme can meet the needs of people who insist on having large families." So, unlike Dr. Addison, he is no longer Minister of Houses. Yet the connection between housing and "Health" should be obvious even to a Minister of this moribund Coalition.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

New Hopes.

Once more Sir Arthur Fell, M.P., is urging in Parliament the expediting of the Channel Tunnel scheme. Life is short, but it really looks now as though this generation will actually witness the carrying out of the long-deferred project. Thousands of ex-Service men are again counting upon reaping a share of that £30,000,000. May their hopes materialise.

A Job for the Alienists.

Britons entering Canada and Canadians returning to the Dominion do not now need passports. But Britishers returning from Canada to England or Canadians visiting the Motherland *do* need passports. Fancy a man requiring such a document in order to return to his native land! Mere proof of British identity should be quite sufficient. Is it not time that our passport authorities were subjected to examination by a mental specialist?

Dole and Deleur.

Once again the taxpayer "gets it in the neck" by the extension of benefit under the Dole Act, which will cost him £5,800,000 more. Naturally he will grumble and, of course, he will have to pay. For the bedrock truth is that the bulk of the nearly 2,000,000 now unemployed do want jobs if they are to be got; and as they are certainly not to be got, humanity and social safety demand that their mouths shall be filled. If there had been no hunger there might have been no French Revolution.

Mean Money.

In a recent issue we called attention to the case of two ex-Service men, unemployed and without dole, whom the Hoxton Guardians sent to Hollesley Bay Farm Colony to work on the land for 2s. 6d. a week and keep—with 1s. stopped every week until the job was over. Now, in another similar case, we note that the Islington Guardians have had an inmate sentenced to a month's hard labour because he refused to work on such conditions. Taking a reasonable view, who can wonder? Men are being sent to this farm colony from all boroughs, and it is not to be expected that they will work contentedly for such mean money.

Eavesdropping.

When a Brighton accountant queried his telephone bill, the records of ninety conversations were forthcoming, with the subject matter of each and the names of people spoken to. When the Chamber of Commerce complained, they were informed that this was done only after complaints of overcharging had been received. Notes of conversation even between business men and their lady friends have been taken. Evidently the telephone is a dangerous confidential medium.

Zeal in Blue.

Not long ago a man newly residing in Twickenham took, after a long spell of sedentary labour, an extended walk along the tow-path. He lost his bearings, and while engaged in scanning the names of roads, was pounced upon by a police-sergeant and constable and incontinently "run in" for being a suspected person. Not until 3.45 in the morning could he obtain his release, comforted by an Inspector's admission that an unfortunate blunder had been made. An unpleasant experience; but much has to be endured for the sake of zeal, especially when it is garbed in blue.

Should a Man Tell—

his wife everything when he's away from her? "TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR WIVES" in "EVERYWOMAN'S" tells her to be a sport. Read the other nine.

EVERYWOMAN'S WEEKLY

8-PAGE TROUSSEAU SUPPLEMENT THIS WEEK.

Every Monday—Twopence

Money Refused.

"Food tickets or nothing" is the motto of the St. Pancras Guardians. Application for money wherewith to pay rent, coal, gas, shoe repairs, etc., meets with flat refusal. This policy amounts to exactly the same thing as telling a man to go to the Workhouse. How unjust, especially in the case of a married man whose occupation not being insurable, or who being minus the requisite stamps, is ineligible for the Unemployment Donation!

The Parishioner's Chance.

The Rev. Gilbert Watling, Vicar of St. John's, Edmonton, owes half-a-year's rates—£35 14s. He says he cannot pay and will have to go to prison in default. Is it not time imprisonment for debt was abolished, especially in the case of a poor citizen with an invalid wife, and two sons out of work? What an opportunity for his congregation to show their loyalty! The church member who could return to his pew after allowing his Vicar to suffer a prison sentence for lack of a few pounds would surely be a brazen individual.

Another Hospital Scandal?

When three members of the Board of Management, after anxious premeditation, resign from a hospital because, regarding the management of such an institution as a sacred trust, they have come to the deliberate conclusion that that trust is not being satisfactorily performed in certain vital respects, it may safely be assumed that they feel very strongly in the matter. As this has just happened at the Victoria Hospital at Blackpool, it is to be hoped that an immediate inquiry will be held and whatever is wrong set right without delay.

Tennis Charges.

It is encouraging to hear that the charges for boat hire on the Thames are coming down this year. But what about the tennis charges in the public parks? Four shillings an hour, even during rush hours, is a bit stiff.

Mystery and Muddle.

A slump in the kipper industry has thrown the fisher girls of Lerwick out of work. The local Labour Exchange, however, refuses employment benefit, and there is great distress in consequence. Why the dole is withheld no one seems to know. The Council have appointed a deputation to call on the local Labour Exchange authorities, but why waste time on such small fry? Why not go to the fountain head and worry the Ministry of Mystery and Muddle over which Dr. Macnamara presides?

After Poplar, Erith.

The ratepayers of Erith, Kent, are apparently in a similar plight to that of the hapless ratepayers of Poplar. A Communist majority on the local Council have been playing ducks and drakes with finances, with the result that deficiencies amounting to well over £100,000 exist to-day. As regards the Council's housing scheme, lax financial control has occasioned £324 per house being disallowed by the Ministry of Health. Communists, in matters of finance, appear to be mere babes. Forewarned is forearmed!

Prohibition and Persecution.

To-day there is little or nothing to choose between the United States and Canada in the matter of prohibition. A backwoodsman living on a half-cleared farm in the wild North-West, 30 miles from Fort William, was lately fined 300 dollars and costs for making a little stimulant in the shape of raisin mash for his wife—who was about to be confined in circumstances which rendered the presence of a doctor or midwife impossible. If this does not amount to senseless persecution, we should like to know what does. We do not want that kind of thing here.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Postal Humour.

The Post Office are evidently determined that they shall never be guilty of anything so outrageously unconventional as a sense of humour. A postcard bearing a halfpenny stamp, posted on June 5th, 1905, has just been delivered at Sunningdale, Berks. And though it had taken the Post Office nearly seventeen years to deliver it, they solemnly charged a double fee of 2d. for insufficient postage!

The Bishop's Solution.

The good Bishop of Norwich went to the real root of, and indicated the only solution to, the "domestic servant problem" when, dedicating a new Y.W.C.A. Club for girls, he declared that, so far from experiencing any of the "servant troubles" that seemed to afflict most householders, he had always found his "real friends" among his servants. He also pleaded nobly for less cramping conditions and more leisure for rational recreation for girls and women in domestic service. He's quite right. The remedy for the present evil is consideration, goodwill, co-operation—in brief, all that makes for true friendship. Mistresses and maids, please note!

If you're not getting fair play—Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Overworked Nurses.

All the patients at the National Hospital, Queen Square, London, being nerve cases, the nurses' tasks are exceptionally trying, yet the night nurses are on duty incessantly for eleven hours every night, with only one night off a month. Even the day nurses work an average of 77 to 80 hours a week. It should not be beyond the means of the authorities to provide more humane conditions for their staff.

Not for Nottingham.

Those who remember the outcry a few years ago when the Nottingham Council proposed to open the public baths for an hour or two on Sundays, will not be surprised to learn that a resolution of the General Purposes Committee, requesting the Parks Committee to arrange facilities for Sunday tennis, was turned down by the latter last week without even being placed before the Council for consideration. If it is wrong to have a bath on Sunday in Nottingham, they must consider it a terrible sin indeed to play tennis.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Communists and "Conchies."

Scratch a Communist and you will generally find a "Conscientious Objector." It is not without significance that most of the mob orators who are so loudly proclaiming a class war are shirkers who shuddered at the idea of war when the nation had a just cause. What is wanted at the present moment is not class warfare but class co-operation. There can be identity of ideals without identity of function, and until the millennium arrives we must admit that Capital and Labour alike have their part to play in restoring prosperity and happiness to the country.

Pot and Kettle.

The publicans of Amman Valley are no lovers of Nosey Parkers, so they thought it a good idea to employ scouts to warn them of the approach of the police. This the Deputy Chief Constable characterised as a "low action," threatening, if it was persisted in, that he would oppose the renewal of licences. And yet another Chief of Police—Col. Maddox, of Ramsay, to wit—did not think it beneath his dignity to dress his men in khaki in order to gain admission to a disorderly house—thereby inferring that the place was commonly used by troops. Questionable actions are apparently not confined to Nosey Parker-hating civilians.

Method in his "Madness."

The General Election of Guardians for Islington, London, N., on April 5th, presented a strange anomaly. One of the candidates, Mr. H. G. Everett, was in 1919 (wrongfully he asserts) certified as insane, and his opponent, Mr. H. J. Griffiths, who was then Chairman of the Guardians, signed the order for his admission to Colney Hatch. The election consequently had the unique distinction of being the first on record where a person certified insane has ever challenged the decision by going to the poll against his certifier. Judging by Mr. Everett's election address, and remembering the ability with which he conducted recent litigation, a good many candidates for guardianships would be the better for a touch of his alleged mental shortcomings.

Eightpence for Two Bob.

A man who attended a Pensions Appeal Tribunal at Leeds was there informed that the sum of 2s. was due to him in full settlement of his claim. But they didn't hand him the amount there and then. They sent it as a postal order in a *registered* envelope, which cost the taxpayers sixpence and the man himself twopence for returning a receipt. This is a typical example of Government "economy"!

The "Axe" for the Aged.

After being employed for forty years in the Irish Post Office—for the last few in charge of mails from Dublin to Cork, in the course of which he was repeatedly "held up" by armed raiders—an Overseer's health broke down, and last July he was forced to retire. But the settlement of his pension was postponed until February, when the sliding scale system of reductions came into operation; which means to him just the difference between comparative comfort and positive penury. Yet high officials who have recently retired have not been thus penalised. It is a gross injustice.

Don't Bury Your Grandmother—

to see the Cup Final. Instead of telling fibs read "THE £3,000 LEFT FOOT," the vivid cup final story in the April "PAN."

PAN

THE FICTION MAGAZINE.
18 Stories for One Shilling.

A Blow for Anti-Tobaccoites.

Just as last week the aquapuritans had a nasty knock when they read how Mr. George Read, of Swainswick, Bath, had enjoyed his glass of beer until the day of his death at the ripe age of 103, so will the anti-tobaccoites get a jar on hearing that Mrs. Elizabeth Cardell, an inmate of Spalding Workhouse, smoked a pipe until her death the other day at the age of 91. Excessive cigarette smoking is undoubtedly injurious, but tobacco smoked in a pipe appears to act as a preservative.

What is Wrong?

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Nottingham District Christian Endeavour Union a week ago, the Rev. W. T. Barling told the audience that when they saw such a small attendance to hear a preacher like the Rev. F. B. Meyer they could not but think there was something wrong with the Free Churches. But why blame it all on those who stayed away? Remembering that reverend gentleman's pumpuritan and kill-joy activities, they may well have thought there must be something wrong with the Rev. F. B. Meyer.

An Ambulance Anomaly.

It seems a very terrible thing that nearly half-an-hour should have elapsed between the fatal accident to the late Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, Holborn, and his admission to St. Bartholomew's Hospital—which is only a few hundred yards from the spot where he was knocked down—simply because this was just outside the City boundary, and the London County Council ambulance, a mile and a-half away, had to be requisitioned instead of the City ambulance which was close by. It is to be hoped that closer co-operation between the two services will be arranged in future. Lives may be lost by a few minutes' delay.

Four or Five?

When a happy man with a quiver full of thirteen was summoned at Bolton-le-Sands for not sending one of his little girls to school, the Attendance Officer declared the child was five, and produced a copy of the Registrar's certificate. The father contended she was only four, and handed up the family Bible. The Bench gave him the benefit of the doubt, but ordered him to send the child to school. Rather confusing. She will never know for certain when she is sweet seventeen.

Asking for It.

Messrs. Charlton, McAllum and Co., shipping agents, Newcastle-on-Tyne, have been asking for it, and they have got it; incidentally one of their clerks has got it as well—£2 to be precise. In the course of a year there passed through this employee's hands many thousands of pounds, yet all he received from the firm as salary was slightly less than £1 a week. As the Newcastle-on-Tyne Magistrates said, in binding the clerk over, such a salary for such a position is "not at all adequate." Messrs. Charlton forget their prayers. It is still written, "Lead us not into temptation."

Vicar and Organist.

An ordinary person would imagine that an organist who has given twenty-three years to the faithful service of a church might take a half-holiday for once—especially if he provided an efficient deputy. But when Mr. Edward Dean, the Organist of Holy Trinity, Aldershot, excused himself from attendance at evening service on a recent Sunday in order to be present at a special concert in London, the Vicar immediately wrote to him, describing his action as "most disloyal, discourteous and inconsiderate," and giving him notice. We know what the choir think of it, for all but two of them at once resigned. Had not the Vicar better think it over?

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

***Not* a "Conchie."**

Crippled and badly deformed years ago; through an accident, Mr. G. E. Fowler wasn't fit to fight in the War, but from January, 1915, till Armistice he served his country to the very best of his ability as clerk in a Recruiting Office. He was then given a job in an Employment Exchange, where his immediate chief testifies highly to his ability and efficiency. Nevertheless, he has now been dismissed on the sole ground that he is not "an ex-Service man," and is faced with the imminent prospect of starvation for himself and his family. If he had been a "Conchie," he would probably have been retained permanently.

Prompt Payment.

In acknowledging a cheque for £85 under our Free Fire Insurance scheme, Mr. S. Godwin, of 20, Beechen Grove, Watford, expresses gratification at the prompt settlement of his claim. Mr. Maurice E. Nixon, of the School House, Ashford Hill, Newbury, another reader who has received benefit, writes: "I should like to express my great appreciation of the generous manner shown in dealing with this claim. I am sure such fair play and thoughtfulness towards your readers' interest will not be lost on those who hear of it." Sign the coupon on page 20 to-day.

If your landlord is a tyrant—Write to JOHN BULL about it!

THE SCANDAL OF ARMY PENSIONS.

By the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Milner, Bart.

(Below, Sir Frederick Milner, for many years a prominent member of the House of Commons, makes a stirring appeal to all ex-Service men—officers and other ranks—to unite in the British Legion. Sir Frederick has sacrificed a distinguished career to devote himself heart and soul to the interests of those who, after responding gallantly to the call of King and Country, have returned to find themselves "down and out," their claims to adequate recompense for their patriotic services ignored by an unsympathetic Government.)

ACCORDING to the speeches of the present Pensions Minister, all in his Department is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. As ever since war commenced I have dedicated almost every moment of my life to an effort to get full justice for our splendid officers and men, perhaps I may be permitted a few words on the subject. I doubt if ever a man undertook a more heart-breaking task. I have, I am thankful to say, been responsible for many reforms, and great strides have been made since the South African War, but I have never succeeded in making any impression on the officials whose duty it is to administer the Royal Warrant for Pensions. I have never known, since the war began, a more bitter or exasperated feeling than exists amongst ex-Service men at the present time.

The Gathering Storm.

It is not only the men who complain. I have had letters from clergymen and ministers pointing out that the grave injustice done to ex-soldiers and sailors and their dependents is simply driving them into the arms of the Bolshevists. This feeling has been greatly accentuated by the proceedings of the Entitlements Boards, and by the cruel decisions of the Tribunals. I was glad to see that a deputation from a Conference of London War Pensions Committees waited on the Pensions Minister recently to protest against the grave injustice inflicted by reason of changes of entitlement—the new dodge of the Pensions Ministry for getting out of their obligations to these gallant men. Let me give a few instances of how it works. The case I am quoting I have been connected with from the start. It was acknowledged by the first Pensions Minister, Mr. Henderson, that the sufferer's condition was due to his war service. He was pensioned. This decision was confirmed by Mr. Barnes, by Mr. Hodge—who actually revised the amount—and by Sir L. Worthington-Evans. The pension should have been made permanent, as the man's condition has grown progressively worse. But the Entitlement Board have now pronounced his condition as only aggravated by service—and, of course, hold that the aggravation has passed away, though the sufferer's state is worse than it ever was, and he is not likely to live long. Poor fellow, he must needs end his days in the workhouse!

Another Hard Case.

Take another case with which I have also been closely connected, and which is even more scandalous if possible. This man was in a good position in the Post Office. He left, and like a good patriot volunteered to fight for his country. The severity of service and exposure proved too much for him, and he was discharged with severe rheumatism. The Post Office people found him an indoor berth. In June, 1917, this unfortunate man, who had already been discharged for rheumatism, was actually conscripted and, in spite of his protests, forced again to join, with the natural consequence that in March, 1918, he had to be discharged again, infinitely worse than he was before, and unable this time to take any work. Yet the Ministry asserted, and I am ashamed to say the Tribunal confirmed, that his condition was only aggravated by service, and that the aggravation had passed away—though at the time he was a helpless cripple, unable even to get in or out of bed without assistance, or to move without crutches. What justification can there be for such a decision?

Vacillating Verdicts.

Take another instance of the way these Medical Boards try to whittle down a man's injuries. The man I have in mind was, to begin with, poisoned by vaccination, and then had severe gastritis, pronounced to be due to poisoning by army rations. Then he went to France, got a gunshot wound near an ear, and was afterwards badly gassed. This naturally greatly aggravated the other troubles. He was discharged permanently unfit. The verdict of the first Board was disability due to service, gastritis, and effects of being gassed, and they allowed full disability pension. The next Board recognise the disability and gastritis, but omits mention of gas, and the pension is reduced to 50 per cent., though the man's condition has in no way improved. The next Board reduce pension to 30 per cent., take no notice of the medical sheet or of the diagnosis of the sufferer's ration and gas poisoning, and assume his condition is probably due to defective teeth. Then we get down to 20 per cent. Subsequently, aggravation is said to have passed away, and the pension is stopped, though the man is now suffering from tuberculosis, the effect of gas poisoning. There again the Tribunal supports the Pensions Ministry—a crying scandal. I could fill John Bull with cases equally as bad.

Short-Sighted Policy.

The absurd thing is that the State do not save anything by all this injustice. If you refuse pension to a man so disabled that he cannot work, he either has to receive relief from the Guardians or goes to the Workhouse, where the State pays permanently. Take a further case. A man lost his sight on active service. In my opinion, it was the direct result of an accident during a bombing affray. But no; the Army wiseacres declared that it was not due to service. We put up a vigorous fight before the Tribunals, and for a wonder won the case. What happens? The man is pensioned. He goes to St. Dunstan's. In 12 to 18 months he will have been taught to earn his living as well as if he could see. St. Dunstan's always ensures that a man gets a fair start. He thus remains a capable citizen and is able to bring up his wife and children. Look at what would have happened if the Pensions Ministry had had their way. He is a married man with five small children. They are destitute. The man is blind and cannot work; the wife has to look after the children. The Poor Law is the only refuge. What would the State have to pay in that case, besides the loss of credit? The Tribunals have proved a great snare to the Ministry. They provide an easy way to get out of just obligations. It saves a lot of trouble, if a man is classified, to tell him he can go to the Tribunal, where he has not a dog's chance unless he has a friend with him who can state his case eloquently, which alas! rarely happens. The Pensions Minister in his answer to the deputation I have already referred to, boasted that the Tribunals had upheld the Ministry's decision in a vast majority of instances. There he is quite correct. I am trying to help two cases now, both blind—one is already in the workhouse, the other on his way there. Their claims were turned down by the Tribunal before I was notified of them.

Debarred St. Dunstan's.

Surely when a poor fellow goes blind on service, every possible latitude should be allowed! Is it not better to train these men to be capable citizens rather than let them eat out their hearts in the workhouse at the nation's expense? The Master tells me the man now in the institution is a very decent and intelligent chap, one who could undoubtedly be trained to earn his living, yet St. Dunstan's cannot take him as there is no pension or allowance. I can only say that the work of the last eight years has completely broken my heart, and made me thoroughly ashamed of my country. Now let me take this opportunity of saying a few words to those ex-Service men to whose cause I have dedicated my life. This week an earnest appeal is to be made to them all over the country to join the ranks of the British Legion. I would beg every ex-soldier or sailor in the country, whether disabled or not, to join up. With a membership of millions, no Government can resist our demand for justice and fair play. The Legion is pledged to safeguard the interests of ex-Service men—particularly the disabled, the widows, orphans and other dependents of the Fallen. Its policy is to maintain the bond of fellowship between all who served, to safeguard their interests, to promote their welfare.

All Together!

Already in the short time it has existed it has secured important concessions, has helped over 25,000 men, widows and dependents in pensions cases, and has given a start to numbers of those unemployed. I have personally received most valuable assistance from the Legion, and I look upon it as the salvation of the ex-Service man. John Bull has been a true friend all through to Tommy and Jack, and I feel sure it will endorse my appeal to every ex-Service man to join the British Legion for his own sake and for the sake of his pals.

Don't take injustice lying down—Write to JOHN BULL about it!

WHY WAKEFORD WILL WIN!

MONSTER PETITION A LANDMARK IN THE CAMPAIGN.

It will be news to none of our readers that on Tuesday of last week a monster petition on behalf of ex-Archdeacon Wakeford was delivered to the Home Secretary for presentation to His Majesty the King. The fact has been chronicled in the daily Press with a liberality of space which speaks volumes for the interest aroused throughout the country by our campaign in support of Mr. Wakeford, and although none of our graceful contemporaries has seen fit to mention the fact that the petition handed in last Tuesday in the presence of a battery of Press photographers and reporters was organised and carried through entirely by JOHN BULL, we do not complain in the least. The public are under no delusions in the matter, nor is the Archdeacon himself likely to forget the time when the respectable organs of Fleet Street with one accord forsook him and fled.

THE PETITION—AND AFTER.

In view of the great interest aroused by the formal presentation of the Wakeford Petition, it may be well to recall the actual terms of its preamble, which, except for a single insertion in JOHN BULL, have not been widely published:—

To THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

The Petition of your Loyal and Devoted Subjects showeth that:—

WHEREAS on the 5th day of February, 1921, the Reverend John Wakeford was convicted by the Consistory Court of the Diocese of Lincoln upon charges of adultery at the Bull Hotel, Peterborough, in March and April, 1920,

AND WHEREAS, this decision being upheld by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the Reverend John Wakeford was on the 25th day of February deprived of his benefices in the Diocese of Lincoln, as Archdeacon of Stow, Rector of Kirkstead, and Precentor of Lincoln Cathedral,

AND WHEREAS certain important new evidence has now come to light which in the submission of your humble petitioners would have enabled the accused to repel the charges brought against him by the Bishop of Lincoln, and which in their further submission would now serve to rebut the said charges and restore the good name of the accused,

YOUR PETITIONERS HUMBLY PRAY that your Most Excellent Majesty will direct the prosecution of the Reverend John Wakeford to be re-opened and further sworn evidence heard touching this cause and matter, and especially the evidence of Mrs. Freda Hansen to be heard on oath,

YOUR PETITIONERS RELY, among much else that is material, upon the observations of the Lord Chancellor delivering the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, from which it appeared that his Lordship regarded Mrs. Freda Hansen as a material witness, whose evidence, had it been forthcoming, would in all likelihood have exonerated the accused, and they therefore pray that her sworn evidence may be heard and a true and final judgment pronounced upon the facts.

AND YOUR PETITIONERS WILL EVER PRAY, etc.

So runs the appeal which, backed by nearly 60,000 signatures, is to be submitted to His Majesty. It is not for us to anticipate any action which the King, upon the advice of his Privy Council, may see fit to take; but we venture to say that no such remarkable demonstration of public feeling can be ignored. Happily the Archdeacon is a "bonny fighter." Says he in a letter to the *Guardian*, the well-known Church newspaper, which, unlike one or two of its religious contemporaries, has preserved an attitude of open-minded fairness in this matter:—

I sincerely believe that on the full statement of my defence no Court would hesitate to relieve me of the condemnation I have suffered. There may be some who would advise that however grave a mistake has been made it is best now to refuse on any terms to reopen this case. May I, with a singular opportunity of knowing the actual facts as they are, answer that the case is already open, for it has never been closed? There is to-day a strained interest in this matter throughout the country. I am aware that I have the confidence and sympathy of the great majority of thinking people. The judgment of professional men and of business men is with me. The working-classes as a whole entertain no doubt on this subject; on every side I am assured of their trust and respect.

I have never asked for pity; I do not ask for favour; I ask only for justice—that is, the opportunity to put before the Council that additional evidence for which, it seems to me, the Judgment asks.

This is the spirit that wins sooner or later, provided the cause is just. For our part we shall continue this campaign, and from time to time apprise our readers of its progress. Should the Privy Council authorities decline to take action there are other courses open, and in any case it is unthinkable that a demand for justice so clearly and cogently expressed should be refused a hearing. It is our firm conviction that this stern and uphill fight is nearly won.

SPENDTHRIFT SLATE CLUB SECRETARY.

AN OFFICER—BUT NOT QUITE A GENTLEMAN.

At Hailsham, in Sussex, the Ex-Service Men's Club decided in January last year to form a Slate Club. They elected as Secretary a young man named S. J. Cornford, who had risen from the ranks to a lieutenancy in the Royal Scots. Some eighty ex-Servicemen were enrolled as members, and paid their subscriptions to Cornford in the usual way, at the weekly meetings. These moneys were forwarded from time to time to the Treasurer, Lieut.-Col. W. C. Millward, D.S.O., of Eastbourne, who up till the end of March received and paid into a banking account a sum of approximately £30. From that date, Lieut.-Col. Millward, who apparently had complete confidence in Cornford, seems to have left the whole of the administration of the Slate Club in the hands of the Secretary, who continued to receive subscriptions, without, however, accounting for them to the Treasurer.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

Everything appeared to be going on well until the evening of December 22nd, when the members assembled for the first annual share-out. Some comment was occasioned by the delay in the arrival of the Secretary, but no great uneasiness was felt, as the Treasurer was present, and it was presumed that the whole of the Club funds were in his hands. Complacency gave way to consternation, however, when he announced that the only money in his possession was the £30 which he had received up till the end of March. Cornford was ultimately sent for, but found to be away from home. In the distressing and unexpected situation in which they found themselves, the members distributed the £30 in hand among the most needy of their number at the rate of £1 a head, and awaited developments. The amount of the share-out should have been £1 5s. 8d. per share, and the sum unaccounted for by the Secretary totalled about £85. During the following week Cornford was called before the Committee and calmly admitted that he had spent the money. Subsequently a general meeting of the Club was called to decide what should be done in the matter. It might be thought that there could be only one possible alternative to an immediate restoration of the money—that the Secretary should be prosecuted for embezzlement. A number of members were certainly in favour of this course being adopted, but there appeared to be a strange reluctance on the part of the Committee to pursue the matter, and the only penalty Cornford has suffered for this disgraceful betrayal of the confidence of his comrades is expulsion from the Club.

PAY! PAY!! PAY!!!

There has been vague talk of preparing a scheme to find the amount, and verbal guarantees have been given that everyone will eventually be paid; but though it is over three months since the defalcations became known, no one has received his money up till now, and applicants are merely assured that if they will only wait, everything will be all right in the end. Meanwhile, the delinquent walks about Hailsham apparently unconcerned. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the influence of Lieut. Col. Millward and other officers who are directly or indirectly associated with the Club has been thrown into the scale against prosecution, simply because they do not wish to degrade a brother-officer. Until the money embezzled has been restored, however, a grave injustice to some forty or fifty ex-soldiers is being perpetrated, and while it may please these officers to regard Cornford indulgently as an absent minded beggar whose weaknesses are great, we think they would do well to pass the hat for their credit's sake and pay! pay!! pay!!!

CONTRASTS IN COURT.

INEXPLICABLE LENIENCY FOR A CHILD DEFILER.

At the Spalding Children's Court last week a boy of fifteen, brought up in a workhouse, and without friends, was charged with stealing money from his employer, a solicitor who is also the Magistrates' Clerk. The lad pleaded that he had yielded to sudden temptation, and most of the stolen money was recovered, but he was promptly ordered to be detained for four years in a reformatory. A youth of sixteen was presented at the same Court on the revolting charge of indecently assaulting a little crippled girl of five. He admitted the offence when questioned by the police, but being more fortunately situated in life than the other lad, he was defended by a lawyer, who pleaded on his behalf that he had just reached the age when boys are beset by new temptations. The Chairman of the Bench, who himself has a little grand-daughter about the same age as the defiled child, fined the young scountirel £5. Of course, the fine was paid—and the depraved youth left the Court smiling. No wonder the people of Spalding are crying "Shame!"

HUN RIVALS FOR SCOTCH FISHERS.

PREPOSTEROUS PHILANTHROPY OF THE TREASURY.

A great many people will have read with almost stupefying astonishment the announcement of the Treasury, briefly noted in these columns last week, that in future Hun trawlers are not only to be allowed to bring their catches into British ports free from all duty, but that the duty of 26 per cent. already paid to the British Government by the 50 Hun trawlers which have discharged at Aberdeen since January 28th last is also to be remitted. In every British fishing port there are fishing vessels laid up and fishermen idle; thousands of British seamen are out of work because there is no paying business for British ships to do on the seas. In England and Scotland 50 per cent. of shipbuilding berths are empty; while 15 per cent. are occupied by vessels either cancelled or on which work has been suspended. This new outbreak of philanthropy towards the Huns has not even the plausible excuse that it will tend to cheapen food for British mouths, for fish is so abundant that in some of our ports catches are thrown back into the sea or sold for manure.

SPORTS PICTORIAL. A Great Success! Order your copy to-day.

THE PATIENCE OF THE POOR.

POIGNANT EPISODES IN THE UNCEASING WAR AGAINST DESTITUTION, DISEASE AND DEATH.

By W. CHARLES PILLEY.

WHEN at the beginning of this year I assumed the full editorial control of JOHN BULL I made a number of good resolutions. One of them was to see if by any means it might be possible to enlarge and develop the work of the "Greatest of These——" Fund, whose efforts had already earned for this journal the reputation of a "good Samaritan" in the poorer quarters of the land. From the moment I came in contact with the Fund it had enlisted my whole-hearted sympathy. I am convinced, indeed, that if only my readers could be made more intimately acquainted with the work that is being carried on, we should have such a steady and liberal inflow of subscriptions that it would seldom, if ever, be necessary to ask for more.

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

It is in cases of desperate necessity, of life-and-death urgency, that the "Greatest of These——" Fund leaps to the rescue. It is above all else a life-saving institution, whose daily mission is to hold destitution, disease and death at bay till permanent relief can be found. Only one thing distressed applicants have to prove to our satisfaction, and that is the reality of their need. So there flock to our doors in sad procession the ex-Service man down on his luck, the infirm Old Age Pensioner starving on the State pittance, the widow pleading for her fatherless bairns, the woman who through poverty doubly dreads the ordeal of motherhood. In the past it has been our proud and happy boast, made possible only through the sustained generosity of our readers, that none of these cases ever went unrelieved. I am most anxious that we should live up to the reputation which the "Greatest of These——" Fund has earned, and with every confidence I appeal to the large-hearted British public for a helping hand in this great task. The duty of our investigators is a sad one, and its sheer piteousness should excite an answering pity; often where other "charities" hold coldly aloof, for reasons we are unable to respect, does the JOHN BULL almoner make his appearance. The tragedies of want disclosed, as reported by these eyewitnesses, would melt a heart of stone; starving families in squalid back rooms, huddled together for warmth in fireless apartments, and with no food beyond the short rations supplied by the Guardians. When such battered waifs of circumstance as these are suddenly called upon to face the challenge of birth or death, to meet the expenses of confinement or burial, to depart so much as a hair's breadth from the wretched routine of their narrow lives, the result too often is to open the floodgates of irredeemable calamity. It is in these desperate cases the S.O.S. signal reaches JOHN BULL, and if ever through lack of funds it is necessary to say "no" to such appeals it will be at the cost of blasted homes and ruined lives.

NO DEDUCTIONS.

Every single penny subscribed by our readers goes in the relief of suffering. Nothing whatever is deducted for "expenses," the whole cost of administration being borne by the proprietors of JOHN BULL as their contribution to this splendid work. If any reader desires fuller particulars regarding the details of administration and will give us a call for the purpose of inquiry, we shall only be too happy. The accounts are open to inspection, and the latest balance-sheet, audited by a well-known firm of chartered accountants, affords a wealth of interesting information. It shows that in a single year no less than £2,505 11s. was disbursed, not an item of expenditure other than this being debited to the Fund. Subscriptions sent to us are not promiscuously thrown away. Every possible step is taken to test the *bona-fides* of each claim, and sharpers living on their wits need expect no sympathy. It is only in a very small proportion of cases, however, that we trace the hand of deception, for in the main the disposition of needy applicants is to hide the scars of poverty. Among them are many who, comfortably off before the war, have from one cause and another been reduced almost to despair. When they come to us there is no hurtful probing of recent wounds. It is our settled rule to ask no single question beyond what is necessary to protect the Fund from fraud.

A WIDER CAMPAIGN.

There is a bitter saying of Anatole France's, "Civilisation rests upon the patience of the poor." If the spread of Bolshevik theories is to be checked, it will be through the operation of the kindlier spirit in our social relations and the growth of mutual understanding between class and class. The war against poverty must go on. The supreme merit of the "Greatest of These——" Fund, in my estimation, is that its assistance is of the "First Aid" variety, and it is the very promptitude with which, owing to the simplicity of our arrangements, help can be given, that in countless instances has literally meant the difference between life and death. I want to see the work of the "Greatest of These——" Fund vastly extended in the near future. I would personally appeal to every reader to send some gift of money, however small, as an earnest of sympathy with those who through stress of poverty have fallen by the way. Subscriptions sent to me personally will be individually acknowledged, although cheques should be made payable to the Honorary Secretary of the "Greatest of These——" Fund at the offices of JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C. Gifts of clothing for children or adults are greatly valued. I am as certain as I am of anything that I shall not appeal in vain, and that the coffers of our Fund, depleted by the claims of a bad winter, will once again be filled by our warm-hearted readers.

DIRTY WORK.

SHAMEFUL SWINDLING OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

Hanging around places where men congregate in search of work is a low scoundrel who swindles them out of their savings under a pretence of finding them jobs—about as mean and despicable a trick as can be imagined. Outside Messrs. Maple's premises off the Tottenham Court Road is a board on which the firm periodically advertise vacancies. One day last week an old soldier, who was formerly engaged in the motor trade, went to inspect this board, and though it said "No Hands Wanted" he was approached by an individual who stated he was with Maple's and could get him a job. The out-of-work handed over his Army discharge papers on request, and was told he would have to pay a fee for joining a Motor Mechanics' Union. He parted with 10s., and the supposed official went off to "fix up," returning after a short time with a stamped document signed "H. Webb, Director of Works," which he handed over, and told applicant to report next day to the firm. When he attended, it was only to discover that no one knew a Director of Works named Webb. The stamped document was a fraud, and the unfortunate old soldier has not only been swindled out of his last ten shillings, but has also lost his discharge papers, which the scoundrel retained. Anyone seeking work should beware of this unprincipled harpy, whose activities are not likely to be confined to one particular locality.

PROLONGING THE AGONY.

HOPELESS PREDICAMENT OF A PARALYSED HERO.

Unless the Islington, London, Magistrates can be induced to alter their attitude, Mr. E. P. Chambers, of Holloway, seems fated to spend much of his lifetime in prison. He was discharged from the Army in January, 1921, with a paralysed leg, after serving for five years in Palestine and Egypt. His small pension was stopped six months later, and though he possesses King George's Disablement Certificate and the testimony of numerous Medical Boards regarding his disability, his application for an alternative pension was refused, notwithstanding the fact that his late employers certified that he was in receipt of a salary of £250 a year before the war. Apparently all that a grateful country was able to do for him, in the view of officialdom, was to fix him up with a surgical boot and turn him adrift. He was reduced to the dole, receiving approximately 35s. weekly, out of which he had to pay 9s. rent, leaving 26s. for rates and the support of himself and his wife and two children. On December 13th last he was sentenced to ten days' imprisonment for non-payment of £8 arrears of rates. On February 22nd he was sentenced to fourteen days' for similar failure to meet a claim of £7 3s. 11d. He has now another summons for £6 17s. 11d., and is faced with prison for the third time. This is surely an instance where the rates should have been remitted on the ground of poverty, as was recently done in twenty-two cases at Brighton.

DISTURBING AIR DISASTERS.

IMPERATIVE NECESSITY FOR PUBLIC INQUIRY.

In view of the very disturbed state of the public mind regarding recent disasters in the Royal Air Force, it cannot be said that the unprecedented action of the Grantham District Coroner in deciding to dispense with the holding of an inquest into the tragic deaths of Flying Officer C. W. Bragg and Leading Aircraftsman W. Wren is calculated to allay anxiety. In the absence of such evidence as should be forthcoming at a public Inquiry, the most extraordinary rumours are circulated. People are heard to declare their belief that young officers are sent into the air in untrustworthy machines; others, that these high-spirited young fellows, in sheer exuberance, go joy-riding without permission, or supervision; while still others hint at a terribly sinister solution of these disasters which will scarcely bear mentioning. The most unfortunate construction, for instance, has been placed upon the absence from the inquest of the sole survivor of the Manston tragedy, who, if anyone could, should have been able to throw some light on the causes of the crash. The information that the Manston establishment is about to be closed down is in itself disquieting. Considering that so large a number of relatives of young fellows who have enlisted in this popular arm of the fighting services are living in a state of continual anxiety, it is highly desirable that a full open investigation into the cause of recent disasters should be held without delay.

If you're in legal trouble—Write to JOHN BULL about it!

SAINTS AND SINNERS:

By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

JOE BECKETT.

"I AM sorry for him; he is the most unlucky boxer in the world."

A certain famous Member of Parliament said those words to me when we were chatting with Mr. C. B. Cochran and Mr. Eugene Corri five minutes after the sensational boxing contest between Joe Beckett and Bombardier Billy Wells for the Heavyweight Championship of England. As you may remember, Beckett had knocked the Bombardier out in decisive style. I thought he had deserved his victory and that Wells had been beaten on his merits, so I turned to my political friend and said:

"Why do you consider that Wells has been unlucky?"

"I was not referring to Wells," replied the M.P. to the astonishment of Mr. Corri and myself. "The man whom I am sorry for is Joe Beckett; he is the unluckiest champion who ever stepped into a boxing ring." Mr. Cochran, Mr. Corri and others asked our friend to explain what he meant by making such an extraordinary statement a few minutes after Beckett's decisive victory in a contest for the English Championship.

"You don't quite understand what I am getting at," was the reply. "Wells has been beaten in the ring, but Wells will soon have his revenge outside the ring. Wells is a most difficult champion for any man to follow. He is a popular idol. He is picturesque; he is handsome; has exceptional manners for a professional bruiser; is a beautiful boxer, with a magnetic style, who is always bound to attract a crowd and will always remain a popular idol whether in victory or in defeat. What a contrast for the public imagination now that we have to think of rough plain-spoken Joe Beckett as England's boxing champion instead of our beloved Billy Wells!"

I think we all laughed at the time, but not many hours had elapsed before we realised that there was a great deal of truth in what the M.P. had said to us. Even on that night Wells, the defeated, left the Stadium to a storm of applause. Beckett, the victor, was welcomed in cold and chilly silence.

The pity of it all was that Beckett himself soon began to realise his general but undeserved unpopularity with the British public. A rough and rugged man of the old prize-winner type, with none of the charm and graces of life which will make Gentleman Billy Wells a tradition in the annals of the boxing ring, he discovered that the public could not find it in their hearts to forgive him for defeating their idol. When Carpentier defeated Beckett it was astonishing to see crowds of Englishmen cheering the defeat of their fellow-countryman. Even when Frank Moran, the American heavyweight, knocked out Joe with his famous "Mary Ann" punch at the Albert Hall, it cannot be said that the English sporting crowd was plunged into either gloom or disappointment.

A rough, honest but essentially sensitive fellow, Joe Beckett was just the type to be embittered by this attitude on the part of the sporting community. I spent a few days with him at Southampton whilst he was training for one of his big fights. Then he confessed his sorrow and disappointment at the hostility which was being shown to him by large and influential sections of the sporting public. I remember on one occasion we had tea together in the charming old country house which he had bought outside Southampton, and Joe said—with almost a break in his voice:—

"I wish I had something of the personality of either Wells or Carpentier. They know how to treat people, and how to get on with the 'swells.' I can't do that sort of thing. I have always been a rough sort of chap since I was a little lad. I know the public will never forgive me for beating Beautiful Billy. Every time I get into the ring I know that any amount of them are hoping to see me knocked out. Yet I have always fought fair and straight. I have always given everybody a square deal. It's a pity I wasn't born handsome."

I told Beckett then that he was taking an entirely wrong view of the case. I tried to explain to him that history does not repeat itself more in matters of personality than in anything else. I told him it was foolish to regret the fact that he did not possess the characteristics of Wells or Carpentier, and that he must be brave enough to stand on his own solid ground. I reminded him that public opinion is a very fickle thing, and that he had only to continue winning fights in his rough and ready manner to swing the pendulum of popular favour soon in his direction.

"If you will only prove yourself a real British champion," I said to Joe, "the public will be only too glad to forget the courtly manners and the charming politeness of Billy Wells and Carpentier."

I feel to-day that I gave Beckett then the soundest advice that a friend could give; and yet this feeling of unpopularity has rankled in his heart ever since.

He was born on a common outside Southampton, where his mother and relatives were engaged in the show business. Then, as now, he was devoted to his mother, and travelled with her and the family caravan from village fair to fair. He started in the boxing booth business when he was little more than an infant, and grew up to manhood in one of the hardest and roughest schools of life imaginable. He had little or no time given him for education. He told me once that when he was a boy he used to fight other boys attached to the various fairs which he attended, and that if he was beaten his "dear old mother" gave him a sound thrashing.

During his early days I saw him knocked down for what looked like being a knock-out at The Ring by Harry Reeve. His brother, George Beckett, shouted:

"Think of your mother, Joe. Get up!"

Joe evidently thought of his mother, for he sprang to his feet and soon put paid to the account of Harry Reeve!

We live in a soft and somewhat effeminate age. A few people with the roughness and toughness of honest Joe Beckett can do us no harm.

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS.

LONDON MANUFACTURING CHEMIST DISCOVERS SIMPLE HOME CURE.

Pain easily relieved and most cases of Rheumatoid-Arthritis—Rheumatism—Gout—Lumbago, Sciatica, and Neuritis quickly and successfully treated without nauseous drugs.

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Drs. D . . . . and S . . . . write:—"Pleased to say Curicones have given good results."

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Hundreds of other letters and testimonials from Doctors, Chemists and people in all stations of life may be seen at our offices.

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Are YOU a Victim to

Deadly Catarrh?

(Chronic Cold In The Head.)

If you have any doubt about your ailment ask yourself the following questions:—

Is my voice husky?
Do I sneeze frequently?
Do I catch cold easily?
Is the nose stopped up?
Is my hearing affected?
Do I feel tired on rising?
Does the nose discharge?
Do I suffer from headache?
Is my sense of smell affected?
Is there fulness in the throat?
Do I suffer from noises in the head?
Does a change in the weather affect me?
Do I have to clear my throat frequently?
Is there a pain between and over the eyes?
Is there a fulness or pressure in the head?

If you answer "Yes" to any three of the foregoing you are in the grip of Catarrh, a disease which not only saps your vitality, kills ambition and energy, but only too frequently terminates fatally in Catarrh of the Stomach and dreaded Consumption. Moreover, the constant swallowing of the fetid mucus during sleep slowly but surely poisons the stomach, liver, kidneys, and other organs. You need not, however, suffer another hour if you will only carry out the simple home treatment which cured me seven years ago, and has, since then, cured hundreds of others.

With my treatment, known as the "Shirley System," relief is apparent from the very first application. The nose becomes clearer, the mucus no longer drops into the back of the throat, the frontal headaches disappear as if by magic, and that "tired feeling" on rising in the morning completely passes away. You will again feel that life is indeed worth living.

This treatment has proved so remarkably successful even in the worst forms of chronic Catarrh, Deafness, Head Noises, etc., that the Discoverer, Mr. Elmer Shirley, will gladly send it on ten days' trial to any sufferer on the distinct understanding that if no benefit is derived, no expense of any kind will be incurred. Write to-day (a postcard will do), to Mr. Elmer Shirley, 52, Gray's Inn Road, (C.152) London, W.C.1.

SPORTS PICTORIAL. A Great Success! Order your copy to-day.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. Moritz Mond, P.C., M.P., Minister of Health.

Sir,—Your last speech—or was it an interview?—on the Housing Question is really the limit. Like the Prophet Habakkuk of old, you appear "capable of anything"—except, of course, discretion. To suggest that young married people ought to be content with a home of one room, or that they should live with their parents, is a piece of insolent ineptitude that is bitterly resented all over the country. As for your puerile suggestion that arrangements like these are popular in the East, and particularly in China, this provokes the comment that you might be popular with Orientals, but your peculiar outlook damns you with Englishmen.

John Bull.

To Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes, ex-Controller-General of Civil Aviation.

Dear Sir Frederick,—In resigning because there was no work for you to do, you have established a record and deserve "the love and thanks of men and women." Doubtless you will be cordially detested in Whitehall, among the limpets—and the Government, I gather, are not best pleased with you either. They also think the precedent a dangerous one. But the mass of your fellow-countrymen will give you hearty respect. By the-way, what a commentary your action is upon the Geddes Axe!

John Bull.

To Sydney A. Moseley, Esq., Editor, "Southend Times."

My Dear Moseley,—I am afraid you are in danger of becoming a mournful misogynist, which would be a great pity at your age. Advertising for a private secretary, you added the unusual announcement "Good looks not a qualification," and explained your preference for a plain girl by declaring that pretty typists are self-conscious and vain, fiddle about with their finger-nails and their hair, write love-letters on the office typewriter in business time, ogle most of the callers, and cause the junior clerks to idle. What a strange office yours must be! I have a fairly extensive experience of typists, both handsome and homely, but I have yet to discover that brains and beauty are incompatible. If you keep your mind on your work, you will soon find that drooping eyelashes cease to disturb you, though badly-crossed eyes might. Cheer up!

John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Edward Shortt, P.C., M.P., Home Secretary.

Sir,—It affords a little mild amusement to hear a learned Judge admit that, though he possesses profound knowledge of the law, he knows nothing of lingerie. But to find a Home Secretary calmly confessing that "no information had reached him showing that aliens were competing with British-born subjects by accepting lower wages" will appear to most people the limit in ignorance. Five minutes' study of the small proportion of unemployed among aliens would show that they not only compete for jobs but get them. And a moment's comparison between their wages and British would show why. Isn't it time you woke up and found out a few of these facts for yourself?

John Bull.

To Lt.-Col. Archer-Shee, M.P., House of Commons.

Dear Colonel,—These piping times of peace—although there is more paying than piping—evidently do not provide enough excitement for you. In the absence of "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field," you proceed to look for trouble with ragged edges, and if your "Compulsory Voting Bill" goes through, you are likely to get it. For you to propose to fine every elector who does not vote! As a satire, your idea is excellent. As a serious proposal, it would mean suicide for the Government and the sack for its supporters. Carry on!

John Bull.

To Councillor Hugh Woods, Mayor of Dunstable.

Sir,—It grieves me to find that you apparently consider your mayoral dignity of greater importance than a manifestation of human sympathy with the difficulties of the aged poor. Last week you had before you over a hundred cases of non-payment of rates, including many Old Age Pensioners, who clustered together in a pathetic state of bewilderment. You gave them three months in which to pay; but when Councillor R. P. Graham, an ex-Mayor, touched by their obvious distress, rose and said "I think you dear old people ought to know that this is the last time you will be coming here, as you will be excused," you sharply rebuked him for usurping the functions of the Chair. Take my advice, think less of your dignity and exercise more sympathy. Kind hearts are more than mayoral chains.

John Bull.

To General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., D.S.O.

Dear Sir Ian,—I must confess that I read with very mixed feelings your declaration that you would shake hands with Ludendorff, and any other of your old acquaintances of the German Army, if you should meet them during your forthcoming visit to Berlin. It is all very well for you to say, "To us, who are professional soldiers, war is an abstract proposition, and not an affair of national feeling." To the citizen army which drove the Hun hordes back to the Rhine and had first-hand experience of their unspeakable savagery, it is a matter of very deep feeling indeed. Unfortunately, you saw no fighting on the Western front, or you might feel differently. Most ex-Service men who had experience of both declare that the Turk whom you fought in Gallipoli was a gentleman compared with the Hun.

John Bull.

To the Rev. S. Maurice Watts, B.D., Whitefield's Central Mission, London, W.

Dear Sir,—I am afraid you are doing a very risky thing in setting up a Vigilance Committee to investigate night clubs and report drug traffickers to the police, especially as it is apparently your intention to employ a band of young lady detectives to find out the real details of the nocturnal haunts of vice. What of the risk that, instead of your young ladies converting the habitués of these places, the night clubs might convert *them?* Night clubs are not nearly so bad as they are painted by the sensation-mongering daily Press. I know that, if you don't.

John Bull.

To Rutley Mowll, Esq., Coroner for Ashford District, Kent.

Dear Mr. Coroner,—Although the jury had probably no alternative except to return a verdict of misadventure at the inquest you held on the body of Flying Officer Dickson, killed by the crash of his aeroplane at Manston, the verdict is not satisfactory. An Air Ministry official removed the log books from the machine before the inquest, and while the corporal who jumped out and thus saved his life was not called into the witness-box at all, two men who could speak only of what they saw from the ground put the blame for the crash on to the dead officer. The suppression and arrangement of evidence by Air Ministry officials in regard to this fatality undoubtedly raises grave suspicion not easily dissipated.

John Bull.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Will the Premier succeed
In persuading his steed
To proceed, by the aid
Of Bolshevik trade?

The questions some ask
London policemen, whose task
Is not light at the best,
Are a positive pest.

Birkenhead's admonition
Extracts no submission
From Carson—a judge
Who refuses to budge.

Wakeford tries once again—
May it not be in vain!—
To obtain a new trial
On these charges so vile.

If your "dark cloud" has no "silver lining"—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "The Wayfarer."

What Has Woosnam Done?

I think the F.A. Council—or rather the International Selection Committee—owe Max Woosnam an explanation. The amateur played a brilliant game against Wales, but he has not been chosen for the chief match of the year—against Scotland at Birmingham on Saturday. Why? Possibly there is a very sound reason which has nothing to do with Woosnam's unquestioned ability, and if so it should be published.

From Sheffield's Housetops.

George Wilson, the fair-haired centre half of the Wednesday, who has been "preferred"—though I don't know if that is the right word to use—to Woosnam, is a very sound defender, but I do not regard him as the equal of either Woosnam or McCall in both phases of the game. And I am not alone in holding this opinion. I know this expression will be regarded with anger, derision, scorn and a few other unmixed feelings in Sheffield, but if necessary I would shout my views from the housetops of Hillsborough and Bramall Lane. Let me hasten to add, I feel sure it would not be necessary.

Parochial Jealousy.

Reading the statements appearing in the Press which we know are either written or inspired by members of the F.A. Council, one cannot avoid the conclusion that in choosing an England team there is a good deal of what I may term geographical jealousy about the deliberations. There is too much of the North and South atmosphere in discussions. Gentlemen! Why not take a national view of a national matter? Any other outlook is no better than that of the "parish pump."

The Coming of Cricket.

The recent cold snap notwithstanding, cricketers are getting ready for the coming season, which is being looked forward to with exceptional keenness and interest. The lesson taught us last year by the Australians—who, it will be remembered, were "all over us" in the Test matches—has, so I am told, been well learned; and the authorities at Lords' and in the various first-class counties are determined carefully to encourage and foster budding talent and again place English cricket where it once was, and ought to be—at the top.

Nerve in Golf.

I should like to pay tribute to the wonderful nerve shown in the Oxford and Cambridge golf match by R. F. Storey, a Cumberland boy of not more than 20 years of age, and probably the youngest player who has ever represented Cambridge in an inter-Varsity golf match. Storey played in the last game of the second day against W. P. Till, and somebody told him that the whole issue depended on the game. He was then dormy four—and the news nearly broke him. He lost the next two holes, but with splendid grit pulled himself together and won on the 17th green. But I should like to have murdered that excited Cantab. who couldn't keep his mouth shut.

The Optimism of Joe Beckett.

There are, perhaps, a handful of people in this country and France who believe, honestly and sincerely, that Carpentier has a reasonable chance of beating Dempsey, who sails for Europe on the Aquitania on the 11th inst. I do not. And because I do not, the avowed declaration of Joe Beckett—if he beats Cook next Monday—to challenge Dempsey is to me incomprehensible. A cynic once said that an optimist and a fool were synonymous terms—so Beckett can have his choice of either. Anyhow, a promoter who stages the contest would do better to spend his money on an alienist.

Can Kid Lewis Beat Carpentier?

I saw Kid Lewis at work and play the other day, and it is no exaggeration to say that he never looked or showed himself so fit and well in the whole course of his remarkable career. His supreme confidence in himself, added to his exceptional boxing ability and very wide experience in many parts of the world, foreshadows a rattling contest between him and Carpentier at Olympia on May 11th; and while I am not quite prepared to prophesy the defeat of the clever and popular Frenchman, I have a notion that we shall see Carpentier extended as he has never been before in this country, where his victories against our reputed best men have been of a rapid and sensational order.

Newman or Falkiner?

The Billiards Championship has now begun, and in spite of the cutting-off-your-nose-to-spite-your-face policy of Inman and Smith, the tournament will have a supreme interest until well into next month. We shall probably see Newman and Falkiner in the final, though Falkiner will first have to beat Reece, who should account for McConachy. I believe that Newman will retain his title—not by permission of Inman or Smith, as they would have it, but on his merits.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

The late start and finish of the Billiards Championship, and the many boxing contests arranged for the weeks ahead, suggest once more that there should be a close season, or strictly defined limits, for both these pastimes, and I would shut down both—and football with them—from the beginning of May to the end of August. Boxers, cueists and players, not to mention promoters and managers, would find more money that way than in trying to convince the public they are all-the-year-round games.

Horses to Follow.

So far, we have had only a few runners from the fifteen horses to follow which I have selected for this season—and our first winner was Sunshot filly, who beat a good field at Warwick; so do not miss any of the appended whenever they are engaged. There are some good winners among them. By the way, St. Olive colt has been named Black Mask.

Bucks	Linby
Black Mask	Lord of Burghley
Flamboyant	Pharmacie
Gammadion	Pogrom
Hong Kong	Polydipsia
Hopeful Bachelor	Sunshot f.
Lembach	William Tell.
Leighton	

Owing to a misprint in last week's list Pogrom was given as Polygrom.

Some Likely Horses for Newmarket.

Although the snow on Saturday unfortunately spoilt sport at Newbury — which was equally unlucky last year owing to the coal strike—good racing should be provided at Headquarters this week. The King scored a capital "double" at Newbury with Weathervane and John Green, and as the Royal horses are now well forward in condition, Joss House may capture the Column Produce Stakes this afternoon and Will Somers the Babraham Handicap. In the Apprentices Handicap I like the chance of Thasos. Poisoned Arrow's form behind Weathervane at Newbury appears good enough for the Craven Stakes to-morrow, and Fifine may win the Flying Handicap.

Derby Hints and "Probables."

Racing on a more moderate scale will be held at Derby on Friday and Saturday, and Lady Randy filly may win the Elvaston Castle Plate on the first day. In the Quarndon Handicap, Chinkie has a chance, and Southern (who missed the Lincoln) appears handicapped to win the Doveridge Handicap. On Saturday Air Balloon has a winning chance in the Derbyshire Handicap and Pride of Lothair f. (who was well backed when beaten at Warwick) may atone for her defeat in the Osmaston Plate.

A Mixed Bag.

Mr. James White, owner of Granely, the Lincoln winner, has already won more money this season with four horses than he did all last year with ten.

Dick Duller, a younger brother of G. Duller, the hurdle race champion, rode for the first time in public at Lingfield the other day. He is only fifteen years old and weighs about 6 stone.

Major T. F. Cavenagh, who combines race riding very successfully with soldiering, had a field day at the Royal Artillery meeting at Sandown Park, winning on Wave's Crest, Progress and Rance IV, his only mounts.

It is not true that A. A. Mailey, the Australian "googly" bowler, has been asked to qualify for Middlesex. He has been offered a post as cartoonist in London, but hasn't accepted yet.

All queries relating to Sporting matters dealt with on this page should be addressed to the Editor of "Sporting Life," 27, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4, in which paper answers will be given.

CAN YOU PICK THE WINNER?

Candidates for the Professional Billiards Championship, for which Reece and McConachy are this week engaged in the first heat.

Beckett v. Cook—Best report in next Tuesday's SPORTING LIFE.

THE BUNKUM OF

A Perilous Propaganda—The Mischief of

By THE

THERE are few subjects upon which more blatant nonsense has been spoken and written than the question of Birth Control, which, since Lord Dawson's famous address to the Church Congress in October last, has been the theme of unceasing discussion. The details of the controversy are so widely known that it is hardly necessary to define the issue. It is a matter of common knowledge that for a good many years there has been a growing tendency on the part of married couples to limit their families by artificial means, and the object of Lord Dawson's speech at the Church Congress was to convince the good folks present that there was nothing wicked about this practice, but that, on the contrary, it reflected a praiseworthy desire for the more efficient discharge of the duties of parenthood. If nothing more than this were involved, the problem would soon be solved upon broad grounds of common sense. The sensible and patriotic citizen would have little difficulty in reconciling his duty to the nation with the private interests of his family, or in determining, with the help of his doctor, the means of regulation best suited to his needs. All this has gone without saying among sensible people for as long as most of us can remember, and the air of novelty which has been given to the present discussion is one of its most amazing features. The fact is, of course, that the Birth Control movement, like many other obsessions which were quite harmless in their origin, has got into the hands of a group of fanatics, who are employing it without sense or scruple for their own doubtful ends.

A Scientific Lady.

This is a free country, and if parents like to practise birth control on the lines laid down by high medical authority, by all means let them act as their sense of duty dictates. But, in common with a great many people I meet, I am sick to death of the incessant "propaganda" on the subject which assails our eyes and ears. The high priestess of this extraordinary movement is a Mrs. Roe, who prefers to be known for advertising purposes by her maiden name of Marie Carmichael Stopes. Although devoid of medical qualifications, this versatile lady is a Doctor of Science of London University, and there is no doubt that her habitual use of the prefix "Dr.," while quite legitimate, has gained for her a far wider hearing than she would otherwise have obtained. In the sacred and austere name of Science—spelt with a capital "S," if you please, Mr. Printer—Dr. Stopes has unloaded on to the market a series of books—"Married Love," "Wise Parenthood," "Radiant Motherhood," and the like—which contain the frankest and most intimate discussion of sexual matters that has ever been permitted in this country. I write not as a prude or a puritan, but as a man of the world with a fairly easy tolerance in matters of this kind. At the same time, I see no reason why the cloak of science should cover sheer pornography purveyed in attractive wrappers at popular prices. I cannot illustrate my point by quotation from these volumes. If I did, I should be prosecuted at Bow Street for publishing obscene libels. You see, I am not a scientist, but merely a journalist who wants to tell the truth.

The Halo of Humbug.

In the United States of America the works of Dr. Marie Stopes have been banned by the authorities, much to the chagrin of the gifted lady. In London they command a large and increasing sale—as a visit to Villiers Street will prove. True, the chaste and improving volumes are not always in the best of company, but what of that? Science is supreme, and to the skirts of the august goddess no mud can cling. Besides, who could suspect Dr. Marie Stopes of any but the purest intentions, seeing that as recently as two years ago she received, as she herself claims, a special message from Heaven for delivery to the Anglican Bishops assembled in conference at Lambeth? This sort of thing only happens to really nice people. Listen to the good lady as she records the precise terms of her divine inspiration:—

> Of the highest union of the perfectly loving man and woman the Church has not hitherto had the full revelation of God, for this has only been made possible in these later days thr\gh the revelations of His truths which have been won by Science. The requirements of human life have changed with the fulfilment of the years. Devout hearts may receive to-day truths which human experience was not ripe to perceive when Christ gave His message to His disciples.

I am no theologian, but I can smell a religious charlatan a mile off. If this is not sheer, blatant humbug, I will swallow a pint of ginger-beer. Whether the address in question was actually delivered to the Bishops at the Lambeth Conference I cannot say, but, true to her method, Dr. Stopes has had it put up in an attractive cover and sold to the public at half-a-crown. That is the best of having messages from Heaven if you have a commercial mind as well as a beautiful soul. As to the contents, I can only say that the pamphlet is not fit to give a maidservant to burn. And now one more glimpse of our angelic communicant before we take leave of her, to turn our attention to the more serious aspects of this hectic campaign. It is nice to know how these things happen, and it would be unfair to Dr. Stopes not to give her own account of the half-crown message from on high. Here is the incident, as faithfully reported by the lady herself:

> During the last week of June, 1920, I was, like most other members of the reading public, aware of the proposed Conference of the Anglican Bishops at Lambeth; I was not, however, intending to communicate with them. That week it chanced that I spent an afternoon alone in the cool shades of the old yew woods on the hills behind my home. While penetrated by that calm

THE WEEK'S

VOICES A

BIRTH CONTROL.

Marie Stopes—Hands off our Women!

EDITOR

beauty, there came, suddenly and explicitly, exact instructions in the words which follow. I was told "Say to my Bishops"—what is found in these pages.

It is a short cut from mysticism to madness. My objection to this propaganda is not merely that it has all the qualities of a "stunt" seeking to exploit the credulity of pious Simple Simons, but that behind the graceful form of the high priestess of the cult there lurks a dangerous fanaticism which will stick at nothing in its efforts to sterilise a section of the race.

An Insidious Peril.

I am not at all disturbed when I find Dr. Marie Stopes writing a light and airy letter to my esteemed contemporary, the *Winning Post*; but I do not at all like the tone or temper of some of the articles in the *New Generation*, the serious organ of the movement for National Constructive Birth Control. In the current issue of this monthly journal, which was born at the beginning of this year and ought to be dead by Christmas, I find an amazing article entitled "Sterilisation of the Unfit," by a Dr. Norman Haire, who, while he thinks that "public opinion in England is perhaps not yet ready to accept the idea of compulsory sterilisation," yet concludes that "there would be little effective opposition if voluntary sterilisation were advocated for cases of positive unfitness and its simplicity and harmlessness properly explained." Let none be misled by the surface plausibility of this astounding suggestion. From the prominence given to Dr. Haire's pronouncement in the columns of *New Generation*, it is evident that the pseudo-scientific fanatics of the National Birth Contfol Committee look forward to the time when the State—which, in practice, always means some more or less thick-headed official—shall decide which women are fit to bear children and which must be doomed to lifelong sterility by the X-ray apparatus or the surgeon's knife. It is all very well to say that, if such powers are entrusted to the State, only the "unfit" will fall under the surgeon's ban. We have seen enough of the cursed medical bureaucracy in other directions to know that in practice it inevitably degenerates into a cruel and stupid routine, selecting its victims with no more discrimination than that of the scythe in a field of standing corn. The children of the poor, as has lately been shown in these columns, have already suffered acutely, and I say with all the emphasis I can muster: "Hands off the women!" We will not stand for it. Even Science—with the biggest of capitals—must respect the most sacred intimacies of human life.

The Ultimate Aim.

The danger is not fanciful. Already the ominous word "clinic" is heard in this connection, and the more fervent supporters of the Birth Control movement are looking forward with a gloating anticipation to the time when, as they fondly expect, the State will sanction the despotic rule of the surgeon in the mysterious realm of birth. At present, the "illegal operation" is rightly condemned as an unwarrantable interference with the processes of Nature; but imagine the position if Dr. Norman Haire gets his way, and any woman who chooses is at liberty to go to the nearest surgeon and invite him to deprive her for ever of the capacity for motherhood. True, the condition of "unfitness" is at present assumed, but that is a mere sop to the conventions, and it may be predicted with some confidence that, if ever such operations were generally permitted, "unfitness" and "unwillingness" would in practice be synonymous terms. Upon this point, perhaps, we had better take the testimony of Dr. Haire himself. There is a candour about the new Malthusians which, at any rate, enables us to appreciate the true nature of a policy which, in my judgment, is fraught with the gravest peril to the race. So let the doctor speak:

> Indeed, I believe many men and women suffering from less serious physical or mental disability or from economic distress, and even many who, while neither diseased nor poor, yet desired to limit their families from other worthy motives, would also seek this operative relief; in order to avoid the constant necessity for troublesome precautions and the anxiety due to the fallibility of all ordinary contraceptive methods at present known.

The whole tendency of this raging, tearing propaganda in a matter which is of legitimate concern only to married people—who can quite well look after themselves without the assistance of Dr. Marie Stopes, much as it may shock the dear lady to know it—is profoundly mischievous. Its sole practical effect, as far as I am able to judge, is to impart a knowledge of "birth control" methods to people who ought to have no use for them. This is an aspect of the matter which cannot be overlooked, and while I cannot possibly gauge the feelings of this gifted author as she sees her scientific works paraded for sale in the company of pornographic French novels and other accessories of vice, I should be wanting in candour if I did not point out the plain moral implication of these things. As I said just now, I am no prude, and certainly have never set myself up as a censor of other people's conduct, but I cannot stand this pretence of high-souled morality on the part of a set of people who, to the accompaniment of jingling shekels, are stripping the last rags of modesty from our modern social life. For the views of Lord Dawson, expressed with dignity and restraint, upon a suitable occasion, I have the greatest respect, and if parents think it wise to practise the methods of Birth Control by all means let them exercise their rights as intelligent citizens. It is the cant and commercialism, the humbug and huckstering, of the movement led by Dr. Marie Stopes which prompt this protest. I am sorry I cannot believe that, when this enterprising lady sends out a new book in a natty cover and with a seductive title, she is obeying the behests of Heaven. But there it is—I frankly cannot. The odour of the pages is not the fragrance of Celestial fields.

S CARTOON.

ND VICES.

ROGUERY IN RACING.—IV.

HORSES THAT LOSE TO WIN—ANOMALIES OF THE SELLING RACE—CRYING NEED OF REFORM.

(Below we print the fourth of a series of articles exposing the "seamy" side of the Turf, written by a recognised racing authority. The series has aroused widespread attention both among the public generally—who had hitherto little idea of the manipulation to which races are subject—and in the inner circle of the followers of the sport.)

THE public is fast wearying of selling races, and, to be quite candid, they have just cause. Rarely does one see a programme nowadays where there is not more than one selling race among the six events. Many of the horses in this class, which are dug out for these events with painful regularity, have been competing together so frequently that they must be getting heartily tired of the sight of each other. Selling races are not so simple as they appear. It is known, of course, that the winner automatically goes up for sale to the highest bidder, and that if the owner wants to keep his own property he has got to pay through the nose for it—buy his own horse from the stewards of the course at frequently an inflated value. But it is not generally known that the owner of the winning horse in a selling race may be hundreds of pounds out of pocket on the transaction, or that some of the biggest coups on the Turf have been brought off in connection with this class of event, or that—astounding as it seems—the most coveted position at the finish *is not first but second place.* Supposing a horse has been entered for a selling race in which the winner is "to be sold for £200." In the race it shows greatly improved form—possibly it has been trained differently or the different length course suits it better—it wins and the owner is not unnaturally anxious to retain it—technically, "buy it in." Up it goes for auction. He himself has to bid with a crowd of others who are on the look-out for "finds" in such races. The price mounts sometimes up to £2,000.

Costly Victories.

All the owner gets back is the miserable £200 advertised price of the race—and his own horse! Of the remaining £1,800, £900 goes to the coffers of the company owning the course and £900 to the *owner of the second horse in the race.* Was there ever a more ridiculous anomaly in the whole realm of sport? It throws down every accepted idea of sportsmanship, and paves the way for all sorts of malpractices and "cuteness." Those moderate punters who have their modest little bet from day to day will now see why they lose so consistently on their selling race investments which, on form, ought to win by half the course. Some of the finest horsemanship the Turf has ever seen is put up in the finishes of this class of race. It is a sight for the gods to see half a dozen jockeys riding all they know—not to win, oh no! that is a much too expensive business—but to come in second. It is easy for a good jockey to win a race on a good horse, but it requires horsemanship of a high—and unprincipled—order to bring the best horse in the race home second, without being palpably guilty of pulling the mount or swerving it about the course. I saw a selling race at a recent Suburban meeting where the only one of several runners really trying to get home first was the actual winner. The remainder were scrambling like mad Dervishes for second place.

"Claiming" Comedy—and Tragedy.

There are plenty of selling-platers who have won small fortunes by running second in half a dozen of these races, when, had they won, they would have been a financial loss to their owners. But, with such absurd conditions prevailing, it is only natural that owners would prefer to see their horses come in second—a condition of affairs which is wholly unworthy of the basic principles governing the "Sport of Kings." Another absurdity of the selling race is the rule which allows any horse in the race, except the winner, to be "claimed" by the owner of any of the beaten animals. He merely pays over the value of the stake and the selling price of the particular race and, preposterous as it may seem, the horse is his. The original owner of the animal has absolutely no say in the matter, he is powerless to retain even his own property. Claims are valid in the "order of finishing." Thus the owner of the second past the post has prior claim on the whole field, the owner of the third has second claim and so on, right down to the actual winner who has last claim of all! All this amazing rigmarole was instituted primarily to prevent good class horses from racing in a field of fifth-raters, and thereby scooping the pool. By means of such weird machinations the Jockey Club hoped to keep the "duds" in a class by themselves. But provided an owner is speculative enough, he can bring off as many coups as he likes by running a really good horse in these humble events. The case of Corporal was a unique example. Its owner, Mr. Galstaun, who is a most fearless backer, laid out thousands of pounds in order to win a few hundreds. Corporal was one of those rare creatures, a "racing certainty" in this class of event. He won every time. Eventually he won a miserable £200 affair and was sold for £2,500, Mr. Galstaun declining to bid any higher for his own property. By the luck of the game Corporal never won another race, though he was tried and heavily backed several times. Sometimes, however, these "certainties" come a cropper and then, of course, it is a distressing position for the owner. He loses his race, loses his bets and loses his horse. Selling races have caused more bitter feeling and enmity among owners than all the other affairs of the Turf put together; for an owner can have no more galling experience than to back a horse which he has every reason to believe will win, see it badly beaten by an unexpected "good thing," and then have it claimed by the owner of the second, who perhaps has already won more than anyone else over the event. The fires of wrath are only fanned the more if the claimer happens to be an owner who specialises in pulling the wires in selling races.

Protect the Public!

The whole system of the selling race is so incompatible with the ideals of straight racing that personally I would not put a penny piece on such events unless I was actually on the course and had very definite information as to where the stable money was being laid. Generally speaking, selling platers are the worst horses in training—the wooden spoons of the stables. But, apart from animals which are exploited in these races, some horses have risen from this class to fame in higher circles. Victor Wild and Long Set were good horses that graduated among the "duds" and eventually won big handicaps.

STARVATION AT SEA.

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A BLACK SQUAD.

A few days after the s.s. *Euclid*, belonging to Messrs. Lamport and Holt, left Liverpool on a recent voyage to the River Plate—states a "round robin," addressed to us and signed by over a score of the crew—complaints as to the food were rife, but things improved a little after leaving Rio de Janeiro. Later, for several days in succession, they found the meat uneatable, and at last spoke to the Chief Steward, who seems to have shown them scant sympathy. It was only after repeated complaints that the Captain admitted the stuff was bad, and ordered it to be dumped. The men allege that during the week or ten days these complaints were being made, the tainted meat was put back into the pickle barrel and served up repeatedly, so that for that period they were practically starved. On an empty stomach, stoking must be well nigh unbearable. It is right to add that the crew could have claimed compensation if they had laid the matter before the Mercantile Marine officials and proved their allegations when they were paid off, but they may not have known this.

A DUSKY LIAR.

PLAUSIBLE ALIEN POSES AS NOBLEMAN.

Mohammed Issa el Hassani, an Egyptian medical student, finding that (even in these days of cheap travel) the tradition that Eastern visitors are invariably wealthy still existed, posed as a nobleman's son and found a victim in Mrs. Florence Carter, of Maida Vale. As usual with these plausible alien rogues, Hassani began modestly by borrowing £7 to pay medical examination fees. He improved on this by a statement that he had been appointed an inspector of hospitals, and needed £60 to take up the important appointment. His next flight of imagination was that he was a nobleman's son, born in Quebec, and had inherited £19,000, proposing to Miss Carter the agreeable adventure of eloping with him to Canada! The remainder of the story furnishes further warning. Calling himself a "Physician and Surgeon," on notepaper with a West-End address, he victimised tradesmen who would allow credit, and absconded from his lodgings owing £12. Finally, in 1921, he had met and married a widow. Surely, people might make a few enquiries before accepting such yarns!

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

POINTERS TO INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENTS.

During the War the British officers' Army trench coats were the admiration and envy of civilians. George Weston & Co. are offering the identical trench coats at 55s., or at 70s. with detachable fleece lining. They are splendid value, and orders may be sent without any hesitation, as—of course, in common with all other advertisements in the issue—they are covered by the John Bull Guarantee on page iv. of cover.

Barry & Co. print a list of some of their recent John Bull customers, proving the value they give and the confidence our readers have in our advertisers.

The Brompton Motor Co. offer five pounds' worth of tools for 30s. This outfit should be useful to all.

A. Williams & Co. state that they are making a reduction of one-third off list prices for their sectional buildings.

The Falcon Manufacturing Co. offer sheets at very low prices.

The list of well-known people who have given testimonials to Reudel Bath Saltrates is a remarkable one.

There is reasonable time before Easter to obtain the patterns and order a Sartor raincoat for 20s.

There are many interesting items in the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 19.

You may bless the day you wrote to JOHN BULL about it!"

Photo by Personality Photo Press.
CARPENTIER in his BARRY SINGLE-BREASTED BLUE SERGE SUIT.

PROOF INCONTESTABLE AS TO THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE BARRY SERVICE

"JOHN BULL" readers will be familiar with the announcements of the BARRY SERVICE OF TAILORING MADE FROM TIME TO TIME IN THE COLUMNS OF THIS JOURNAL. DURING THE LAST FEW WEEKS WE HAVE NATURALLY BEEN FAVOURED WITH A NUMBER OF ORDERS. WE GIVE A LIST OF SOME OF THESE, BUT WE ALSO GIVE SOMETHING MORE. READERS WILL OBSERVE THREE STARS AGAINST THE GREATER MAJORITY OF THESE NAMES. These stars indicate that we hold a written testimonial of appreciation from each client so starred. We would remind those clients not starred that our guarantee of satisfaction still obtains—that if they are not satisfied they have only to return the goods, when we will refund not only the amount of their purchase, but 2/6 over and above, to compensate them for loss of time.

LIST OF CLIENTS.

These starred have already actually sent us expressions of unqualified approval.

All these GENTLEMEN ORDERED on our UNFAILING SELF-MEASURE CHART.

	£	s.	d.
*** R. F. Adams	1	15	6
H. Allsopp	2	2	6
*** F. Allen ...	2	2	6
*** A.A.Bushnell	5	5	0
*** B. R. Byrne	2	0	0
*** J. P. Baker...	2	0	0
*** H. Brown ...	4	10	0
*** J. Barker ...	2	10	0
*** A. Bromley	1	10	0
H. Barnes ...	2	0	0
*** F. Bedford ...	7	0	0
*** A. Bailey ...	2	10	0
*** N. Booth ...	2	0	0
*** J. Baxter ...	5	5	0
*** T. H. Ball ...	4	7	0
*** J. Blunt ...	2	10	0
*** E. Burford ...	4	10	0
*** J. Chapman	4	11	6
*** J. Chifter ...	4	10	0
*** F.L.Chapman	2	10	0
*** L. G. Clare ...	2	10	0
*** H.H.Cocking	2	10	0
*** J.W. Cosford	2	0	0
*** J. E. Cooper	2	10	0
*** C. Curnow ...	5	5	0
F. Coates ...	4	12	0
H. Cady ...	1	1	0
*** R. Daniels ...	4	10	0
*** G. A. Dessett	1	16	0
*** A. W. Edney	1	15	0
*** W. Donnan	2	10	0
*** W. J. Davies	2	2	0
*** T. Davey ...	2	18	0
*** W. Dawkins	1	10	0
*** F. Dabern ...	2	10	0
*** J. Doyle ...	2	10	0
*** R. Distin ...	6	10	0
*** P. Durrent ...	2	10	0
S. Davis ...	2	10	0
C.V.Downing	2	10	0
J. H. Ellis ...	5	5	0
*** F. Elston ...	6	15	0
*** J. Estes ...	2	0	0
*** P. Finden ...	2	2	0
*** F. J. Frost ...	5	15	0
*** W. Frear ...	1	10	0
*** F. Fenner ...	2	0	0
W.K.Fleming	2	0	0
A. Foot ...	2	10	0
*** E.A. Gosling	2	10	0
*** T. Growcott	4	5	0
*** W. F. Goose	4	9	0
*** A. W. Goose	5	5	0
*** F. Gudgin ...	3	18	0
*** J. Gibson ...	2	10	0
*** G. H. Hunt	2	10	0
*** G. Heath ...	5	5	0
*** P. Hewitt ...	2	5	0
*** E. J. Hobson	2	0	0
*** S. Herbert ...	1	10	0
*** F. P. Hooper	5	5	0
*** E. Horsman	2	10	0
*** C. Horton ...	2	10	0
*** D. S. Hood ...	2	10	0
G. Howell ...	2	17	0
C. Hiskman	2	0	0
*** J. W. James	6	0	0
*** H. P. Kirby	5	11	6

We could quadruple this List by going right through the Alphabet—but lack of space prevents us.

The only big firm of mail-order tailors doing positively no ready-made suit or overcoat trade.

£6 : 6 : 0

ALL-WOOL, INDIGO DYED, LONDON SHRUNK BLUE SERGE SUIT

To measure

£3 : 10 : 0

Certified All-wool by Bradford Corporation Testing House Certificate.

£6 : 6 : 0

PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT

SCOTTISH WOOLLEN

The same guarantee. To measure

£3 : 10 : 0

The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History.

£4 : 4 : 0

PURE NEW WOOL SUIT

To measure for

£2 : 10 : 0

Valued as worth double by many of our Clients.

FREE SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS OF THESE WONDERFUL VALUES

With our patterns we send you the BARRY SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM (The Silent Tailor), when from your own measures we guarantee your completest satisfaction, or undertake to refund not only the amount you have paid us, but 2/6 more than has been paid. Could we make such an offer, we ask, were our performance one little whit behind our promise? Obviously not.

YOU HAVE THEREFORE NOTHING TO LOSE BY SEEING OUR PATTERNS—and we shall feel privileged if you will send for these. We shall not approach you by follow-up letters after we have once sent our patterns. We never bother our clients with circulars either about special offers or anything else. WE KNOW OUR PATTERNS WILL MAKE EFFECTIVE APPEAL.

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

CALL OR WRITE

S. A. BARRY & CO., Exclusive Measure Tailors

(J.B.) 16, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1 (Near Moorgate Tram & Tube Terminus.)

We couldn't have done without Zam-Buk

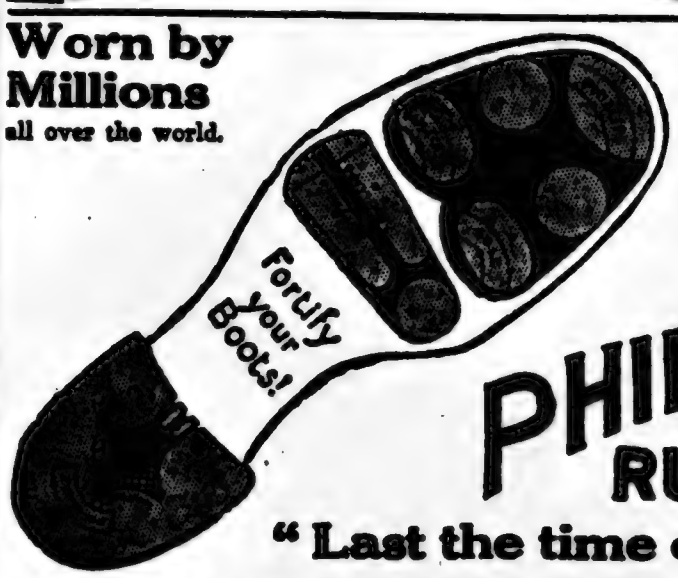
Zam-Buk has been a great treasure to Mrs. P. Morris, 111, Phillimore Road, Darnall, Sheffield.

ULCERS HEALED. "I was in a dreadful state with an ulcerated foot," Mrs. Morris told a reporter. "At the Infirmary I was given dry dressings, but the ulcer was as bad as ever. Friends said I'd lose my foot. I was in despair until I used Zam-Buk. Then the pain died away. Zam-Buk drew out all bad matter before it healed my foot. Neighbours are astonished at thi marvellous cure.

ECZEMA & PILES. "When I had a bad attack of eczema on my hand it was Zam-Buk alone that cured me and made my skin clear and healthy again. My husband says there's nothing to equal Zam-Buk for piles. Zam-Buk is worth its weight in gold."

ZAM-BUK HEALS, SOOTHES AND GROWS NEW HEALTHY SKIN.

Worn by Millions all over the world.



"MILITARY" SOLES & HEELS

Men's Stout	5/6
,, Light	4/6
Youths'	4/-
Ladies'	3/-
Small Children's	2/- per set.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS

"Last the time of three."

£5 worth of Tools for 30/-

POST FREE!

CONTENTS OF TOOL KIT.

Strong Cold Chisel.
Large-size Hammer.
Gimlet.
Punch No. 1 size.
Punch No. 2 size.
Medium File.
Coarse File.
Serviceable Hand Vice.
One Pair combined Pliers and Wire Cutters.
Small Screwdriver.
Large Screwdriver.
One Pair Footprints (Wrench).
One Set Box Spanners with Tommy Bar.
Small adjustable Spanner.
Large adjustable Spanner.
One Pair Gas Pliers.
One Pair strong Cutting Pliers.
One Pair Wire Cutters.

The Biggest and most useful Bargain ever offered to 'J.B.' readers

This is not a catchpenny advertisement, but a genuine undertaking to supply a set of tools honestly worth £5 for the amazing price of only 30/-. Even at three times the price these Tool Kits would constitute a record for both price and quality.

A not-to-be-missed opportunity—all full-sized tools—strong and serviceable.

A complete outfit for Mechanics, Artizans, Chauffeurs, or for the household.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

Read carefully the contents of this Tool Kit. Then send the coupon, together with remittance and see these articles for yourself. If any reader is not satisfied with his purchase, we guarantee to refund his money in full without question, providing the tools are returned undamaged within 7 days. These Kits may also be inspected at "John Bull" Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre.

Send at once enclosing P.O., cheque or Treasury Notes.

The Brompton Motor Co., Ltd.,
7, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C.2

SEND THIS COUPON TO

THE BROMPTON MOTOR Co., Ltd., 7, Upper St. Martin's Lane, LONDON, W.C.2

Please send me Tool Kit(s) as per your offer in JOHN BULL, for which I enclose ..... P.O., Cheque/Treasury Notes, on the understanding that my money will be returned in full if dissatisfied with my purchase.

NAME .....

J.B. ADDRESS .....

"THANK YOU, MR. ATKINS"—AND YOU, JACK, TOO!

OUR PLEDGE.—"*No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied.*"—John Bull, 19th *August*, 1916.

What is Wrong?—We are asked, what is wrong in the camps and aerodromes of the Royal Flying Corps? We have been informed that if straight evidence were placed before Coroners' Juries at Manston and Grantham, much that would interest the public would have been elicited. We have visited Manston and are glad to know that the place is to be closed. Elsewhere we deal with the matter more fully. It is one which arouses much anxiety.

Grinding the Axe:—A recommendation of the Economy Committee was that the Ministry of Labour should reduce expenses in their Appointments Board. Dr. Macnamara has dispensed with the services of two eminent combatant officers—Colonel Summers and Commander Pethick—who have had charge of the London directorate of the Board for the past four years, and appointed in their place two officials of the Civil Liabilities Department at increased salaries! *Voila!*—as they say in France.

Now he Knows:—Stating a case for the unemployed before the Taunton Council, an ex-Service man, who said he had a wife and four children starving, alleged that there were 600 men on the Labour Exchange and another 100 drawing nothing. This evoked the remarkable reply from the Mayor that he did not know there was so much distress in the town. Knowing it now, perhaps his Worship will wake up sufficiently to realise that not only possessing a knowledge of such things, but an obligation to do his best to ameliorate them, is part and parcel of a Mayor's duties.

Nasty:—In the House of Commons the other night Lord Wolmer, M.P., put a rather nasty one to the War Minister respecting the much-delayed balance-sheet of the Expeditionary Force Canteens, drawn up as on 31st August, 1920. "Can the right hon. gentleman say," he demanded, "why he wishes to conceal facts in this matter?" Naturally the Minister rebuked the allegator and repudiated the allegation, but on his own admission he has "over and over again said balance-sheets were being prepared which will show the full facts." And still we wait and see.

A Pedlars' Paradise:—The pedlar of to-day is too often the "hero" of yesterday, the returned fighter, who, finding his job vanished, has been compelled to hawk trifles for a living. Ignorant of the best "pitches," inexperienced in the niceties of "obstruction" law, the unfortunate men not only fail to make ends meet, but frequently lose their all. Liverpool, however, has solved the problem in a sensible and kindly fashion by founding a "new general pedlars' market" in a central position, a plan which would well repay adoption in many other towns.

Another Privilege Gone:—It is stated in an Army Council Instruction that the concession of free railway warrants at the public expense for the return journey from leave or furlough of officers, nurses, soldiers, army schoolmistresses and female pupil teachers, will be withdrawn as from 1st April. All personnel proceeding on leave or furlough after that date must pay their own fares on both the forward and return journeys.

The Prince's Own:—Officers and men who have survived service in that fine West Yorkshire Regiment, the Prince of Wales's Own, will learn with a thrill of emotion of the decision that the regimental war memorial is to take the form of a chapel in York Cathedral harmonising with the memorial to those who fell in the South African war, and will contain the old regimental colours. A vellum book to be deposited in the chapel will contain the names of about 12,000 West Yorkshires who have given their lives for their country.

Wars and Widows:—It can now be stated, on the authority of the Ministry of Pensions, that widows of men killed in former wars, married off the strength, will be granted a pension according to the Great War rates. Also any war widow who has married her deceased husband's brother since 22nd December, 1916, will be given the remarriage gratuity on application, subject to the deduction of any pension paid subsequent to the date of the remarriage.

"Against Policy":—There are 150 ex-Service men confined in the London County Lunatic Asylum at Banstead. In addition to special clothes they have 2s. 6d. each a week for extra comforts. Mr. Ernest Sanger, Chairman of the Asylums Committee, maintains it is not policy to place these men in separate establishments, as it has often been contended should be done. Presumably Mr. Sanger voices the view of the expert Medical Superintendent. What precisely is covered by the word "policy" we do not know. Perhaps Mr. Sanger will inform us.

Permanent "Temporaries":—The West Riding of Yorkshire Insurance Committee have a peculiar method of showing their gratitude to their gallant lads who returned from the War. Having filled their places "temporarily" with women, it is now being gently rubbed in that the *men* are the "temporaries." In any event, it appears that the women's basic salaries are to be increased from £70 to £93, plus War Bonus, and the men's reduced to £62 18s. Those who suggest that 24s. per week is a poor reward for past services and present work are advised to "sit tight till they find another job"! But the Geddes Axe might be usefully employed on the Secretary's £550 (plus £300 War Bonus and £80 Travelling Allowance), and also on the pay of a 24-year-old girl receiving £120 salary, plus £135 War Bonus!

Economy:—During the half year ended February 28th, 1922, out of 25,000 first claims for pensions only 58 per cent. were allowed. The M. of P. doctors certainly have the interests of the Government at heart. Or are these ex-Service men shamming? What so devoted a helper of Tommy and Jack as Sir Frederick Milner thinks about it will be found on another page.

Barrow Guardians' Generous Concession:—We have frequently published instances where skinflint employers have reduced wages because the workers had Army pensions, or even advertised specifically for pensioners with the intention of using their pensions as an argument for sweating. It is refreshing to find a public body willing to recognise that the pension is a reward—often too meagre—for services and hardships undergone and for which money payment alone can never be a sufficient recompense. The Barrow Guardians have resolved that so far as 5s. a week relief is concerned, they will treat an Army pensioner as being without income. To other Guardians we would say, "Go thou and do likewise!"

Exploiting the Badger:—Unfortunately, many thousands of "Badgers" who offered their lives for us are now out of work. Hence many advertisements for travellers—on commission only—to boost unsaleable wares. Full of do and dare, our ex-soldiers, many of them public school boys or 'Varsity men, grasp at these offers of "commission only" as drowning men grasp at straws, and after heart-breaking weeks and weeks of striving find that there is nothing in them. They have simply been exploited by manufacturers of new stuffs, who will not advertise but prefer to use the poor down-and-out ex-soldier to hawk their goods around!

What it Means:—We have received a deputation of "commission only" dupes, who have walked many miles a day to place their wares. The aristocrats among the class have a few remaining "Fishers" and spend them on 'bus and rail fares—only to come back nightly with the report, "Nothing doing." Poor fellows! They go out in the morning with an attaché case full of samples, march mile after mile and drop into likely shops—where they are received courteously or otherwise. But in ninety per cent. of cases they are shown the door and return home down-hearted. Moral: Avoid the "commission only" merchant.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From L. J. L., Stockport: "I am pleased to say that everything is now 'O K.' Am very pleased to see how ready you were to intervene on my behalf when things were going wrong. I have been granted pension from last August, and start drawing this week. Wishing you the best of luck, and sending enclosed for your Fund."

Your Easter Gift from "John Bull"

Readers are reminded that

THE "JOHN BULL" PEN GIFT COUPON

(Value One Shilling)

IS AVAILABLE ONLY UNTIL APRIL 15th.

DON'T DELAY—
SEND TO-DAY TO

The Manager, Pen Dept.,
"JOHN BULL," Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

...LIST OF MODELS...

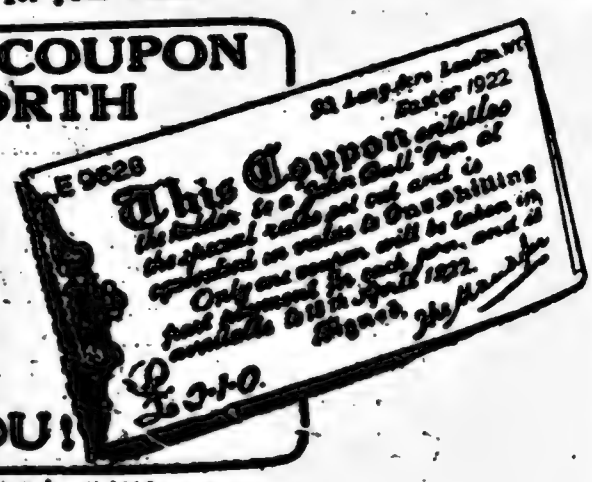
		With Gift Coupon
No. 1	"Standard" Model Price 3/-	2/-
No. 2	"De Luxe" Model Price 4/3	3/3
No. 3	"Safety" Model Price 7/-	6/-
No. 4	Lever "Self-Filling" Model. Price 8/9 See Special Offer on Page 2. (Over.	7/9
No. 5	"Stylo" Model Price 3/6	2/6

Pocket Clip to fit any Model, 2d. Purchase 2d. extra on each Pen. NOTE: Please state whether broad, medium or fine nibs required. This offer applies to readers in the British Isles only. All "JOHN BULL" Pens are fitted with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nibs; iridium-tipped & are guaranteed.

THIS COUPON IS WORTH

1/-

TO YOU!



TURN TO PAGE iii. OF COVER FOR OUR SPECIAL EASTER OFFER.

THE MILK RAMP

SCANDALOUS SQUEEZING OF THE SMALLHOLDER.

While the average householder was no doubt delighted to learn of the recent decision of the Metropolitan Dairymen's Society to reduce the retail price of milk from 9d. to 5d. a quart, it is only right that the public should be made aware of the disgraceful means by which the milk combine propose to profiteer at the expense of the producer, even when selling at this low price. The Director of Supplies of the United Dairies, Limited, one of the chief concerns in the combine, has stated that the sole cause of the decrease is overproduction. We beg to differ. The chief reason, in our view, is that the combine, which has been charging unconscionably high prices for milk for many months past, has determined upon squeezing the producer, and particularly the smallholder, in the most shocking fashion. Until now, the average price paid to the producer has been 1s. 4d. a gallon, but the combine has determined to force the farmers into signing a year's contract for the supply of milk at prices ranging from 5d. a gallon in May and June to 10d. a gallon in December and January. An average price of 10d. a gallon is the lowest at which milk can be profitably produced under present conditions, but in the case of the smallholder even the proposed minimum price of 5d. a gallon is entirely mythical, for the combine deduct 1d. a gallon if the quantity supplied in any month falls below an average of 10 gallons a day, and charge 1d. a gallon for collecting the milk—so that the unfortunate smallholder will receive only 3d. a gallon during May and June. This means that under the most favourable conditions the farmer will receive only 25 per cent. of the price paid by the consumer, while in May and June a smallholder whose milk is so collected will receive little more than half that!

GRAB IN THE GRAVEYARD.

SHAMEFUL PROFITEERING IN BURIAL CHARGES.

The cost of living is dear enough, in all conscience, but the cost of dying, now that there is no war to waft a man cheaply into the next world, seems to be soaring to unimaginable heights. Take the Willow Grove Cemetery, Reddish, Stockport, as an example. Before the war the price of a "special" single grave, the most expensive at that time, was £3, and the cost of a "first-class" single grave was £2 10s. What would be the price of a "special" grave nowadays must be left to the imagination, for the Company owning the cemetery do not advertise it, but the quotation for a "first-class" grave in their latest price list is as much as £10 15s., while a "second-class" grave, which formerly cost £1 15s., is now priced at £8 15s. How the cost of a simple hole, about 6 feet by 2 feet, dug in the ground can have increased to such an extent in the course of a few years passes comprehension. The charges for reopening graves seem to have soared in proportion. Whereas the pre-war fee for re-opening a "first-class" grave was about 20s., the charge now demanded is £5, or £4 in the case of a "second-class" grave. In addition, the Company impose the most arduous restrictions on the owners of graves in this cemetery. Each grave purchased must have a headstone or monument placed upon it within twelve months from the date of purchase, or the grave will be forfeited, and no second interment may be made in any grave unless a headstone has been placed upon it. Worst of all, the Company have a department which supplies monuments and headstones, and refuse to allow any headstone to be erected which has not been made by them. The best thing nowadays would appear to be to die at sea, where profiteering in graves is impossible, and there can assuredly be no wrangling over one's mortal remains.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FETISH.

SIX YEARS' DETENTION FOR A FIRST OFFENCE!

To sentence a little boy of ten to six years' detention in an Industrial School is about the last course we should dream of adopting if we wished to make him a decent member of society, but some Magistrates are so obsessed with the fetish of these horrible institutions that they can apparently think of no other method of correction for juvenile offenders. At the Petersfield (Hants) Children's Court recently, a little fellow of this age was charged, with a lad of fifteen, with stealing certain articles. It was fairly clear that he had acted entirely under the elder boy's influence, and might well have been regarded as an innocent agent in the matter. He made no attempt at concealment, for he took home the stolen articles, consisting of some old rubber stamps and letters, and showed them to his parents, explaining that he had got them from what he thought was a disused dumping shed. While there is some ground for the assumption that the elder boy acted with guilty knowledge, there appears to be none whatever in the case of this child. Yet the Bench ordered both to be sent to an industrial school until they reach the age of sixteen, so that the elder boy gets off with a single year's detention, while the little fellow whom he led astray is condemned to six. The father is a man of excellent character, who has been in Government service for thirteen years with an unblemished record, and is naturally heart-broken at having his little boy torn away from him in this ruthless fashion. When *will* Magistrates learn that—despite the lavish use of the official whitewash brush—these institutions are nothing but prisons, or worse—as unhappy and unfortunate children can, by a twisting of the law, be incarcerated long after the original sentence has expired?

"BLACK CAT" PURE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES.

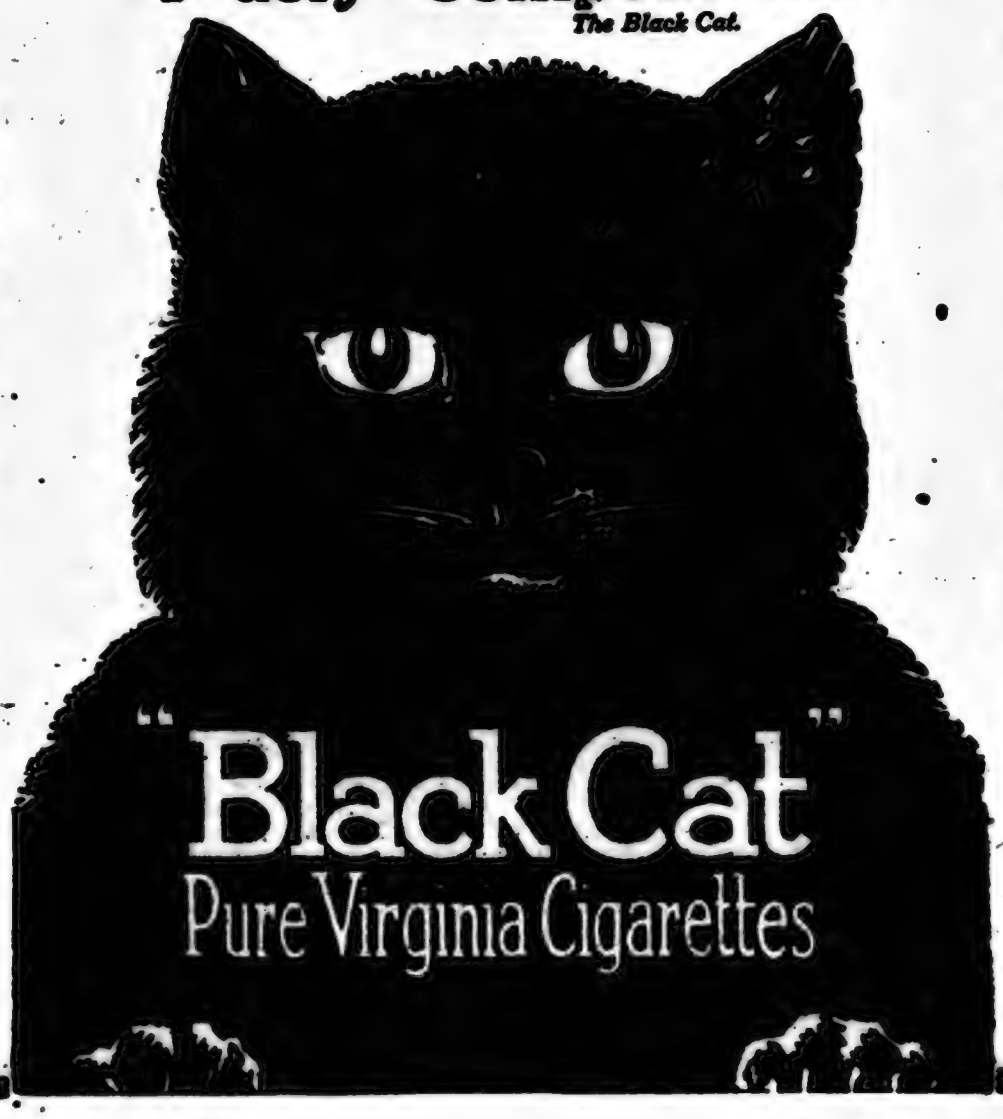
EXTRA LARGE, and made from the Finest Matured Pure Virginia tobacco, "Black Cat" Cigarettes are *unrivalled for SIZE and unsurpassed in QUALITY*, price for price.

Installation of the 100 per cent. efficient Baron Machines has slightly reduced the making cost, though not enough to lower the price per packet, and this saving is returned to regular smokers of "Black Cat" Cigarettes in the form of Handsome and Useful Gifts.

One Gift Coupon is enclosed in a 6d. packet, two in a 1/- carton, etc., and 25 *Coupons will secure a Gift.*

10 for 6D.

"I defy Competition!"
The Black Cat.



SPECIAL "NEST-EGG" OFFER—

FIRST 5 COUPONS FREE ON APPLICATION FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF GIFTS to:

BLACK CAT CIGARETTES
(Department 8)
ARCADIA WORKS, CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1.

N.B.—Coupons are enclosed in all packets that are printed "Coupon Enclosed." All Front Panels not printed "Coupon Enclosed" are equally available.

FOR PIPE SMOKERS.—"Black Cat" Mixture, 1/- per oz., each packet containing a Gift Coupon.

20 for 1/-

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MONSIEUR COUÉ.

(Our Tame Barber this week has a few words with the famous exponent of auto-suggestion, commonly known as "faith-healing.")

"COME in, sir, come in! I carn't unnerstand w'y so many customers stand 'esitatin' before they comes into the saloon, as if they was tryin' to make up their minds . . . *P'raps they stop to pray?* P'raps they do; but they 'aven't no need, not so fur as *I'm* concerned. I've gotter steady 'and, I'm glad to say. Wot will you 'ave, sir? . . . *'Air cut?* Cert'n'y . . . It's jest occurred to me thet these esitatin' people wot I was referrin' to jest now might be doin' their Koo-ay exercises.

* * *

Wot do I know about the Koo-ay treatment? On'y wot I've read, sir. There may be somethink in it, an' there may not. So fur as I kin make out it's on'y another form of faithcurin' under a fresh name. You 'as to kid yourself you're in the pink w'en you're feelin' rotten. S'pose you wake up in the mornin' with a fat 'ead—you know, sir, the mornin' arfter the night before sorter feelin', and a dark brown taste in yer mouth. Well, accordin' to the Koo-ay theory, all you've gotter do is to tell yerself twenty times thet you've never felt better in yer life, parss your 'ands lightly acrorss your forrid, an' lo an' be'old! all them symptoms of influenza, so to speak, disappear—until you look at yerself in the glarss, w'en you wonders 'ow you kin look so bad an' feel so well at the same time! . . . *Do I doubt the effi—er, the effi—casy of the treatment?* Not me! It ain't up to me to do thet. All the same, I don't see 'ow it could cure a broken leg . . . *You never sed it would, an' you are Monseer Koo-ay 'isself?* I thought you spoke a bit foreign, sir. 'Ow are you, sir—feelin' better an' better ev'ry day? Ha-ha! . . . Oh, that's "*cer good,*" is it? Well, I'm glad you kin take a joke, sir. Accordin' to the papers there's a lot of diff'rences of opinion about your treatment, professor. Some people seem to think it's dangerous. There's the Gloomy Dean, for one. 'E wrote the other day that instead of wakin' up in the mornin' an' sayin' "Ev'ry day, in ev'ry respec', I grow better an' better," you should say, "Gawd 'ave mercy on me, a mis'rable sinner!" Now, accordin' to your theory, Mister Koo-ay, the more orften a man calls 'isself a mis'rable sinner, the more likely 'e is to become one. Ain't thet it? . . . *Auto-suggestion in both cases?* Oh, I see. Well, all I 'ope is thet the Koo-ay treatment won't be applied to my profession. Nice thing it would be if blokes was to start sayin' to their selves in the mornin', "Ev'ry day the 'air on me chin grows shorter an' shorter" until they don't 'ave no use for the barber's shop, excep' to git their 'air cut—becos it wouldn't be safe to monkey with thet, in case they went bald at the finish, although there's no disgrace in thet, as the cat sed w'en she 'ad kittens . . .

* * *

Am I goin' to try the treatment? Well, sir, I 'ardly know w'ether to go in for yours or the Gloomy Dean's. It cert'n'y sounds more modest like to call yerself a miserable sinner. I'll think it over . . . Will the 'air soot yer, sir? . . . Thank you. Much obliged, I'm shore . . . Goo' day, sir. Every day in ev'ry respec' I grows better an'—'ere, wot am I up to?

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"HARAZION AND DISTRICT ADVERTISER":—"Householders should not neglect to put the hands of their clocks FORWARD ELEVEN HOURS to-night."

"BEST WAY BOOK" (advertisement):—"There are MORE OUNCES TO THE POUND in ——— Wool than in either artificial silk or mercerised cotton of equal thickness."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS":—"Under a penalty of 40 pence for the first offence, 6s. 8d. for the second, and finally EXPLOSION."

"OBSERVER":—"M. Coué . . . will give two lectures in French . . . and two IN ENGLISH . . . M. Coué UNDERSTANDS LITTLE ENGLISH, AND I HAD TO TRANSLATE THE PASSAGE."

"NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST":—"Mrs. Masterman's jewellery . . . although HANDLED by the thief, was left UNTOUCHED."

"WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR":—"The BRIGADE was engaged until 9 p.m. WHEN IT WAS FINALLY EXTINGUISHED."

SOOTHING OLD WOUNDS.

A BRIGHT THOUGHT BRINGS IN £250.

Having lost a brother, a sister and a sweetheart while serving with the 42nd Ambulance Train in the "blizzardy" Balkans, Mr. Edward Coward, of 16, Clarence Road, Walmer, the winner of the First Prize of £250 in "Bullets" Competition No. 441, writes: "Your reward will help to soothe this trio of wounds." Himself disabled, he is now acting as a companion-attendant to an incapacitated officer from the East, and he informs us that he evolved the winning line without any outside assistance. A photograph of Mr. Coward appears on page 20, and the Prize Cheque may be seen in the shop window of Mrs. Willis, 68, Dover Road, Walmer.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

"All Ye who Pass By!":—A woman is now in hospital seriously ill. Her husband is unemployed. In her agony she begged us to look after her "man" and her seven children of tender age.

They Come in Groups:—During the week we helped dozens of ex-Service men with families who, failing in their quest for work, were threatened with eviction for rent. In most cases the families were starving on the short rations given by the Guardians.

Her Best Friend Gone:—A widow and her daughter existed together, the latter working to keep the home-fire burning. But, like so many more, she fell out of employment, and there was hunger in the poor back room when the mother died. Through our readers we were enabled to meet the emergency.

A Specimen of Our Cases:—A man has been in the infirmary for some time. His wife is at "home"—her baby dead and no money with which to buy food, to say nothing about giving the child a place in "mother earth." The crowning sorrow is a rapacious landlord, with the sword of eviction in his hand! Just study this little pen-picture. We brought joy to the poor fellow in hospital, and to his distraught helpmeet at "home."

POVERTY IN PRISON.

Although the Fleet Prison, that dreadful den of despair, was abolished seventy-eight years ago this week as a place of incarceration for debtors, the horrors of imprisonment for debt did not disappear with it. Poverty is so penalised at the present day, and it makes little difference to the unfortunate debtor that his only crime of poverty is called "Contempt of Court." We have had brought to our notice the case of an ex-Service man fallen on hard times through unemployment. As so often happens, he got into arrears with the payment of his rates and was sent to prison. What good purpose could be served thereby is one of the things we cannot profess to understand. We are more concerned with the tragedy which followed in the little home.

THE MOTHER'S SOLACE.

With her life-partner thus ruthlessly taken from her, the wife found solace in the little life she had brought into the world, and struggled on bravely, patiently bearing her burden until her mate should be restored to her. But a relentless fate deprived her of this sole comfort. The baby was stricken with diphtheria, and passed out of a world that held little joy in prospect other than the love of devoted parents. At the time she came to us, the poor woman was in despair. She had been unable to keep up the payments for the child's insurance, and had no resources except ten shillings' worth of provision tickets weekly. It was not much she asked for—just enough to bury her baby. We did what we could, on your behalf.

MORE CASES HELPED.

Our Limited Means:—We are not in a position to grant the many "loans" asked for, even on the written or verbal guarantee that the money will be repaid by instalments. Nor have we funds out of which ponies and carts might be bought for would-be costermongers and cheap Jacks, much as we appreciate their desire to be self-supporting.

STRETCHING THE SHILLINGS.

Nor can we find the fares for those who wish to transfer themselves, with their families, to the Colonies. We have the greatest difficulty in finding the wherewithal to relieve the deeply distressed, who are badly up against it, and are starving and naked and in danger of being thrown upon the streets. And last: we send no money to mourners with which they might provide themselves with black clothing—much again as we sympathise with the feelings of the bereaved.

WITH MANY THANKS.

WHAT READERS SEND TO RELIEVE SUFFERING.

P. F. R., £3; "A Friend," 10s.; E. H. T. (Balham), 10s.; J. McK. (Sandhead), 10s.; E. S., 10s.; J. G. (Southampton), 5s.; [illegible] (Guildford), 5s.; "Coon," 2s. 6d.; W. M. (Hammersmith), 2s.; [illegible] Anon., 1s. 6d.; "A Friend," 1s.; F. W. (New Zealand), 7s.; J. E. (Calcutta), 5s.; "Monarch Winnings," 3s.; Miss E. M. G. (Long Eaton), 5s.; W. B. (Scarborough), 4s.; "Barbados," 3s.; P. K. B. (Wherwell), 2s. 6d.; G. W. (Banchory), 1s.; W. O., 1s.; Mr. J. L. (Bradford), 5s.; E. T. (Ripon), 5s.; Mrs. R. B. (Bristol), 4s.; R. W. (Netherlands), 3s.; E. B. (Lurgan), 4s. and parcel; A. S. (Leicestshire), 5s.; E. S. T. (Jersey), 5s.; W. O. (Abergavenny), 6d.; "Anon" (Hull), 2s. 6d.; D. McC. (Singapore), 2s.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

If you want to right a wrong—Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Get Your TRENCH COAT from Weston's—

And see what you save!

While our stocks last we are continuing to supply this most amazing Trench Coat Bargain ever offered at a figure which is actually below the present wholesale price. These coats are not to be confounded with the flimsy so-called trench coats which are turned out merely to sell. Weston's Trench Coats are made from Government materials in exactly the same style as the best quality Officers' Trench Coats during the War (see description below).

When present stocks are exhausted (which will probably be in the course of a month or two), it will be impossible to buy a Trench Coat of equal value at anything like the price.

IMPORTANT NOTICE. The entire stock of these Trench Coats has been inspected in bulk by a representative of JOHN BULL, who guarantees them to be exactly as described—and really extraordinary value. Every Coat is sold under the JOHN BULL Guarantee of Money-Back-if-Not-Satisfied. USE THE COUPON AT ONCE!

Officers' Army Trench Coats, AT 70/- EACH.

(Without Detachable Fleece Lining, 55/- each).

Carriage Paid in United Kingdom.

Over 25,000 of these coats sold in the last 5 months.

SPECIFICATION.

Brand New, Tripleproof Gaberdine, check lining, Oilskin Interlining and with detachable All-Wool fleece lining. Four Coats in One. These Coats are made from guaranteed Government materials throughout, by Contractors who made thousands of Officers' Army Trench Coats during the War. This is the only coat made THROUGHOUT with genuine surplus Government materials WHICH WE CONTROL.

Chest Sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 inches. When ordering, state height and chest measurement over waistcoat. Outsizes (*i.e.*, over 44 inches) 10/- extra. Also state whether Coat is required in Military style or adapted for civilian wear. In the latter case, shoulder straps and brass D's on belt are omitted.

SEND YOUR ORDER TO-DAY

Cheques, Money Orders and Postal Orders should be crossed Barclays Bank Limited; Treasury Notes should be registered.

GEORGE WESTON & Co.

CLOTHING CONTRACTORS "MONEYBACK" MERCHANTS (Dept. J.B.)

Offices - - 1, BATH RD. } HOUNSLOW

Warehouse and Stores - INVERNESS RD. } MIDDLESEX

COUPON.

To GEORGE WESTON & CO.,
1, BATH ROAD, HOUNSLOW.

I enclose Cheque/P.O./T.N.....Please send me, carriage paid, Officer's Army Trench Coat with.....lining as described in JOHN BULL. My height is..... and chest measurement..... I require { Military / Civilian } Style. It is understood that if for any reason I am dissatisfied with the coat I can return it within 7 days and you will refund my money.

Name .....

Address .....

Date.....

Chicks Pay

"Since adopting the 'Middle Course' Plan, I have not lost a single one of 300 chicks, and never had a case of Diarrhœa."—
STEPHEN PULFORD.
St. Ives, Cornwall.

FEED YOUR CHICKS THIS WAY FOR CERTAIN PROFIT!

HERE is the Chick-feeding plan which thousands of Poultry-keepers everywhere are adopting. It enables you to rear every chick into a profitable pullet. Give it a Trial to-day.

During the first thirty hours give nothing but clean water and grit.

DURING THE FIRST 14 DAYS.—Five feeds each day. Two hours between each—and in this order: Soft, dry, soft, dry, dry.

THIRD TO SIXTH WEEK.—Four feeds each day. Three hours between each—and in this order: Soft, dry, soft, dry.

Spratt's Chicken (Biscuit) Meal is the soft food. Spratt's Chikko (finest blend of grains, seeds, ants' eggs, dried flies, and egg flake). Fed this way, Chicks grow bigger and stronger every day, and reach a vigorous maturity in short time, fully feathered, and with strong, capable internal functions.

Get these fine foods from your own dealer to-day:—
Spratt's Chicken (Biscuit) Meal, 7 lbs., 2/6
Spratt's Chikko, 7-lbs., 2/3
But be sure you get SPRATT'S in a sealed bag.

YOU can rear every chick into a strong, profitable pullet, and never lose a single one. Start them from the first feed on Spratt's Chicken Meal and Chikko.

These two foods provide just the diet the young chick requires, and in a way which enables it to assimilate every bit of nourishment.

Poultry-keepers everywhere are rearing more big-profitable chicks this season than ever before. You can, too, on Spratt's Chicken Meal and Chikko. See your Dealer about supplies to-day.

SPRATT'S CHICKEN MEAL (7 lbs.) 2/6
SPRATT'S CHIKKO (7 lbs.) 2/3

From all Dealers. See you get SPRATT'S in sealed bags.

"Vigorous Chicks and How to Rear Them" tells you all about Chick Rearing. SENT FREE. Write for your Copy To-day.

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, 24, Fenchurch St., E.C.3

SPRATT'S CHICKEN MEAL & CHIKKO

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED BAGS by 20,000 RETAIL AGENTS

What does Spring mean to you?

Does the coming of Spring, the blossoming of Springtime Flowers, the scudding of fleecy windswept clouds, awaken a light-hearted response in you?

Nature's reward for habitual sweet reason, for observance of ordinary physical laws, is the buoyant, glad-to-be-alive feeling which so blithely responds to a smile from Spring.

By keeping the human machine attuned and regular, by helping to build up energy-reserve, Andrews' plays a strong part in the scheme of a healthy, *vital* life.

An occasional glass of Andrews' is sufficient to keep those irritating, often insidious, "everyday" ills at a respectful distance.

Whenever the normal tone is lacking take, or give, a teaspoonful of Andrews' in a glass of water. Repeat the dose for two or three mornings running to bring back healthy cheer.

Used in this Andrews' way, the large tin will last the average family rather more than a month, costing about a halfpenny per day *for the family*.

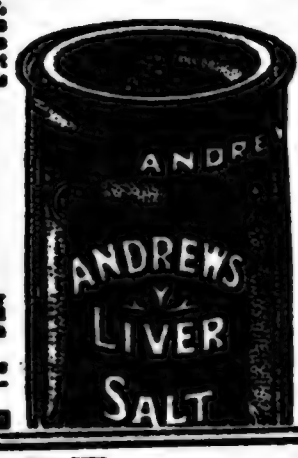
10d. *USUAL (4-oz.) SIZE.* *FAMILY (8-oz.) SIZE.* **1/5**

Sold by Chemists, Grocers and Stores throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Trade enquiries should be directed to:—
SCOTT & TURNER LTD., Manufacturers, Gallowgate, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Save your Andrews' Lids.

Up to May 31st, you can exchange Lids from 12 small or 6 large Tins for the Andrews' combined Tooth Brush, Lid-opener, Scoop-Measure and Stirrer; or for the Andrews' Nickel-plated Pencil Case (complete with re-fills); or for the Andrews' Style Fountain Pen.

Send Lids, with your name and address distinctly written, on or before May 31st next, indicating which of the three Gifts you need, to:—Scott & Turner Ltd., Gallowgate, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



I CURE WEAK NERVES!

I can positively cure sleeplessness, the "worry habit," irritability, exhaustion, or ANY heart, nerve or stomach weakness. YOU cannot be happy or a social or business success if you are neurasthenic.

Especially successful with middle-aged and the elderly.

Send particulars of your case and a 3d. stamp for free book to
THOMAS INCH, Health Specialist (Dept. B),
PUTNEY, LONDON, S.W.15.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous Correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. No fee is charged in respect of enquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.*

"WELDY" (Kettering).—"Is Lloyd George going to sell us a pup over the Genoa business?" If so, it will not be the first canine he has disposed of to a confiding public.

R. R. (Droitwich).—"I congratulate you on your articles appearing week by week." It may interest you to know that they are written with one hand and without the use of stimulants.

Mrs. T. (Saxmundham).—"Don't you tell me you don't like hymns." Very well, we'll say no more about it.

P. M. (Enniskillen).—"Keep your heart up." We will, certainly, and our lungs nicely expanded.

M. W. (Spalding).—Pleased to hear—although you say it as shouldn't—that you "always get up when called." Wish some of our staff would catch your complaint.

A. G. (Hove).—"I am sure you are not a Pussyfoot." Not to notice.

W. S. (North Shields).—"You have either forgotten history or you are a deliberate liar." Perhaps so, but your letter affords no evidence on either charge.

A. K. H. (Preston-on-Wye).—"As a gentleman you are bound to take the word of a lady." We invariably do, and have been choked up with a fine lot of fibs in our time.

D. J. (Ebbw Vale).—"If you wish to be happy be good." A sound general principle, no doubt, although once when we were extra good for a fortnight we were as miserable as sin.

T. R. S. (Portishead).—"You have a head as well as a heart." That is true, and lots of other useful appliances not usually mentioned in polite society.

Mrs. F. (Newbiggin-by-Sea).—"I was so pleased to see the pretty white carpet Nature had laid down in the night." Bet you wouldn't talk like that of a snowfall if you hung out in Covent Garden.

"INDIGNANT."—Afraid we cannot publish a special article because your doctor gave you the wrong medicine. If it had killed you we might have managed something snappy.

F. P. (Warwick).—"Calling this weather summer-time doesn't make it any warmer, does it?" No, and we never said it.

K. M. (Tiverton).—"I could write a lot more on the subject of education if you have time to read it." Right; if any of our engagements drop through we will wire you for a fresh chunk.

"FLAPPER" (Bath).—"I simply scream at some of your 'Answers to Correspondents.'" Naturally.

"ADMIRER" (Bristol).—"When you're hard up for a quid let me know." Not as bad as that at present, but if you are really in a generous mood we could do with a row of houses.

"MATADOR."—"To Hell with flowery sermons!" By all means, and with puddingy ones too.

"WHITE ROSE."—"My father ought to have been a grumpy old bachelor." Not having the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, we are not able to confirm this opinion.

Mrs. P. P. (Ongar).—Sorry to hear you have been "compelled to lay and listen to bad language." A little cotton wool might have saved your soul from defilement.

"MOGUL."—"I have been staying at Margate for a couple of weeks but I am home again now." What sort of reception?

M. C. (Hastings).—"I am feeling a bit off colour and want your advice." We suggest either a bit of rouge or a rest cure.

H. T. R. (Somerset).—"I have to walk eight miles to work and eight back, and I don't grumble." Perhaps we shouldn't if we had your company.

Miss E. S. (London, S.E.).—"She called me a rotten old cat; is that libellous?" The legal rule is that mere vulgar abuse is not libel, although if you are really satisfied that you're not a rotten old cat you are entitled to protest.

C. A. R. (Clitheroe).—"Is it true that it is dangerous to swallow orange pips?" The answer is in the infirmary.

C. H. (Wandsworth, S.W.).—We agree that the cinema advertisement you send us has a suspicious sound. It is to be hoped that since you smell a rat you will nip it in the bud.

"RESIGNED AND ALONE."—Your complaining letter rather conflicts with your *nom de plume*. If you really are as lonely as you say, we would suggest a quiet word with the policeman on the beat.

J. B. (Derby).—If you will undertake in writing not to touch them for so much as a tanner, we will gladly forward you the addresses of Mrs. Carnegie and Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

E. P. (London, W.).—If you will send fuller particulars we shall be glad to look into the charge of sweating at a West End dressmaker's establishment. But mind, no fairy tales!

"DISGUSTED" (Berwick).—Afraid we do not quite follow you when you talk about "getting the fat things on JOHN BULL." The office boy, however, turned up one morning last week with a fat head.

F. C. D. (Sittingbourne).—"How much money do you think I ought to be earning?" As much as you can get, and a bit more if possible.

J. McG. (Barnes, S.W.).—"I want to purchase a revolver and find a great difficulty in getting one." Afraid cannot advise you until you tell us whom you intend to shoot.

"SAMARCAND."—"I want you to put this in your paper; the blighter already knows what I think of him." Then wouldn't our publication of your grievance be, as the Prayer Book says, a work of supererogation?

"MOONBEAM" (Lewes).—"Love has a universal language." S'nice!

M. K. (Melksham).—"My mother used to put lavender in her letters." Forgive us if we say that we prefer the native fragrance of your mind.

A. S. B. (Usk).—We cannot possibly say why your young lady "gave a deep sigh." Perhaps her corsets were tight.

A. T. (Leeds).—We note that in your recent law suit the "plaintive" came to grief. Doubtless that accounts for your unconventional way of spelling him.

"RETRIEVER" (Lydd).—"If I read five minutes it gets to my head." Then read without it.

"VALENTIA."—"We have to suffer before we can sing." Or, as Shelley put it, "Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

Mrs. D. M. (Ilford).—"I bought six eggs on Monday and four were bad." You should go to a fresh shop or switch on to sausages.

A. T. A. (Tooting, S.W.).—"I am writing on behalf of some respectable residents and myself." How did you get mixed up with the others?

S. R. H. (Bolton).—"If JOHN BULL cost sixpence I should still buy it." Shows your good sense; it would be a bargain at sevenpence.

"RATEPAYER."—"The hospitals should be overhauled to see what is done with the medicine." That's right, and if the patients are caught swilling it on the sly they should be severely dealt with.

A. W. (Tunbridge Wells).—No doubt much harm is done, as you say, through men and women being "ignorant of their constitutions." We've got ours weighed up to a nicety.

CAPT. E. A. (Rhine Army).—Sorry there are no figures available giving the "exact cost of the Rhine Army Dental Service." If anywhere, the information should be obtainable at the War Office.

"ANON" (Boston).—We have had pleasure in forwarding to the correct destination your valued subscription on behalf of "the deserving case at Hoxton." Accept our personal thanks.

E. C. (Plympton).—Afraid the bit of feather boa you sent will not enable us to trace "the female Secret Service agent." Pity you didn't get a bit more friendly and pinch her card case.

"GARGLER."—"If you were here at the present time, I would tickle your throat with a double Scotch." Thanks for kind intent, and congratulations on your natty *nom de plume*.

M. T. (Haggerston).—"I have invented a machine that will work by itself without any power being supplied to it." Good egg!

C. M. (Bayswater, W.).—"Can nothing be done to stop the idiotic chattering of empty-headed women in theatres?" Afraid not while "gagging" is confined to the stage.

J. A. S. (Moose Jaw, Sask.).—"The best of luck from all over here; yours till Hell freezes." With all our heart we return both compliments.

P. R. A. (Chippenham).—"I think Luther was called a monk." He was, and that's all that's any odds to you.

Miss E. F. F. (Macclesfield).—"I wish I had a tongue that could cut like a knife." Not at all a nice sentiment for a young lady, and we really must reprove you.

"BASHFUL FIFTEEN."—"Is it correct to say 'lie' or 'lay'?" It depends whether it's an egg or a whopper.

"JOSEPH."—"Were you ever in Nottingham?" Once—to see a man about a dog.

A. V. T. (Witney).—Much interested in your reminiscences of King David, but afraid same would not be acceptable to our readers. Anything about George Robey?

B. E. S. (Wareham).—Many thanks for the contribution for the poor Old Age Pensioner, which has been duly forwarded. Your "tender feeling" for the old folks does you credit.

E. P. M. (Richmond).—We can trace no article in JOHN BULL dealing with the secrets of Freemasonry. Only a Freemason could write it, and he wouldn't.

E. G. (Bellingham).—Don't worry because the small boy did not know the meaning of the terms "bride and bridegroom." Depend upon it, it will be brought home to him sooner or later.

"EX-TOMMY."—"A German couldn't be a sport if he tried." That is true, and you said it.

"SIX FOOT TWO."—"Can one undergo an operation to shorten one's height?" One can, but one must reconcile oneself to being either a corpse or a cripple.

F. R. (Hendon).—"How can anyone outside a Government office obtain enough money to live?" One plan is to work for it, an arrangement which has certain drawbacks, as the man said when he first saw his mother-in-law.

Mrs. E. R. (Goole).—"Please do not think I have changed into a dog." Certainly not, for in that case you would be a lady dog, which would be shocking.

Mrs. E. R. (Devon).—Sorry to hear of your difficulties with the water supply. Strongly advise you to let the place go dirty rather than scrub the floors with beer.

G. A. (West Hoathly).—Your letter, if we may say so, is a trifle incoherent. Perhaps you would make your meaning clearer if you wrote at dawn.

"PENSIONER."—Your reminiscences of childhood's days have impressed us vastly. You seem to have been a perky kid.

T. A. G. (Crewe).—"My letters to you have not been successful so far: you might mention this one in 'Letter Bag.'" Certainly, though between ourselves it's no more successful than the others.

"MINER"—"I read your paper on and off." As long as you buy it always, we will try to resign ourselves.

D. P. (Manchester).—"Is there any real cure for blushing?" Best plan is to practise self-control and avoid exciting causes.

Miss L. A. T. (Wrexham).—"If everyone in the country gave a penny to your charity I guess it would come to quite a bit." The very point we are seeking to drive home on another page.

"CONSTANT READER."—We cannot pronounce upon the merits of a rupture cure unless you send us full particulars. Then we will try.

"D'AVENCORTE" (St. Just).—"I hope soon to see a big 'Bullets' Prize come to St. Just." Quickest way will be to stir up your brains and win one.

"TWO TYKES."—"Has Mr. Bonar Law ever been Prime Minister?" No, but he has been First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House of Commons.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Beckett v. Cook Number of the SPORTS PICTORIAL. Out on Friday.

MALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

8/- per line. Minimum 3 lines.

SPENCER ACTIVITIES.—Waterproof Sheeting, 2/6 per yard, 42 in. wide. For any purpose where an absolutely water or gas-proof material is required. Top Balloons: The best advertising medium. The buoys advertises your goods; pre-war price, from 12/- gross. Hay Covers, Motor Sheets, absolutely watertight, 20 ft. by 20 ft., £4 10s. each; 15 ft. by 12 ft., £3 each, carr. paid.—G. G. Spencer and Sons, Ltd., 56a, Highbury Grove, London, N.5.

GILLETTE BLADES.—6d. doz. given for old blades or resharpened, equal to new, 1/- doz., post 2d.—Diamond Edge, Ltd., 17, New Cut, S.E.1.

LADY'S Cigarette Holder, collapsible, dainty case, fits any cigarette, prevents stained fingers. Silver 10/6, 9-carat gold 20/-, post free. —Nela, Seventeen, Mary Row, Birmingham.

£10 monthly, with an initial deposit of £40, will enable you to acquire a thoroughly sound Charron Taxi Landaulette, suitable for public hire anywhere outside the Metropolitan area, becoming your own property in one year. A really remunerative proposition. Photographs and full details, HARFORD COMPANY, Ltd., 5, New Burlington Place (adjoining Vickery's), Regent Street, W.1. 'Grams and 'Phone: Regent 4090.

ARTISTS (Professional and Amateur) should communicate with advertiser (well-known painter, etcher and press-artist) for criticism and advice and particulars of personal postal tuition in the best paying form of art. Etchers' plates proofed and criticised. Drawings, posters, etc., bought and sold. Write, Studio, J.B., 9, Robert Street, London, N.W.1.

BUILD up a Postal-Sales Business without purchasing stock. Scheme endorsed by leading authorities.—Write, Noble Bros., Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

FISH.—Baskets of selected fish, 4s., 5s.; Finny, 7s.; Kipps, Blots, 6s. 6d. at., carr. pd. List free.—The Bell Fishing Co., Fish Docks, Grimsby.

CHINA, CROCKERY.—Hawkers, beginners, etc., any quantities; 2/6 in the £ dis., free testers, big reductions. List free. — Cranford Pottery, Longton, Staffs.

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples, Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

CHEAP ARTISTIC PRINTING.—Billheads, from 6/- 1,000; Handbills, Memos, etc. Samples free.—Ivanhoe Press, Dept. K., Saltburn-by-Sea.

TOOLS! at genuine Bargain Prices. Send today for list No. 23/2, post free.—George Adams, 255/6, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

ALL WOOL BLANKETS, astounding bargain 20/- per pair, carriage paid. Lindsay's Thrums Warehouse, Kirriemuir.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Application invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission. Firms, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

"CATALOGUE, PLEASE."—This short message will secure for you a book that is a veritable Cycle Emporium—as interesting as your favourite book. "Captain" Cycles at staggering prices! Tyres! the value of which has "winded" many a firm. Bristol of bargains. Thousands of Cycle Accessories. Nothing overlooked to cut down unreasonable cycling expenses. Fitzpatrick Catalogue—a mighty fine productive.—Just address, H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads from 6/6; 1,000 Memos, 10/-; Handbills, 12/-; Samples free.—Winskill, Printer, Buxton, Sussex.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery, Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free. — BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1763D), 80, Chancery La., London, W.C.2.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT. become a Qualified Motor Driver, Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

ADVERTISE NOW.—Two lines (14 words), once, 50 provincial Papers, 5/6. List free.—Fuller, Ltd., 1, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

THE MODERN MOTHER who knows all about labour-saving needs "Mend-a-Tear." It abolishes stitches for mending, and is far, far quicker. Send 2d. stamp for free sample to Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

GLOVE LEATHER.—Sale price, 2/9 skin, Suede Leather, 11d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for full list of Patts.—Catt, Northampton.

PEACH'S CURTAINS.—Send for Catalogue, Nottingham Net Curtains, Coloureds, Fabrics, Cretonnes, Linens, Hosiery.—Peach & Sons, 142, The Looms, Nottingham.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child).—Particulars 2 stamps.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

SHOOTING, Trapping, Snaring, Netting. Illustrated book of hints on above and sportsman's price-list for 1922 now ready, 6d., post free.—Clyde Bell (Dept. 23), 189, Hill Street, Glasgow.

PLAYER'S

"COUNTRY LIFE"

CIGARETTES

Medium Strength
BLUE CARTON

10 FOR 5½D.

Manufactured by the Proprietors of
PLAYER'S "COUNTRY LIFE"
SMOKING MIXTURE.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS,
Nottingham.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co.
(of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P.368

£200 PRIZES

MATERNITY

FINLAY'S PATENTS (adjustable any size)

FREE PRIZES—£100; £50;
Two £25. 20 Consolation Prizes.

Every purchaser stands equal chance of winning.

Last £100 prize won by Billie Behrendt, 7, Gill Street, Saltburn.

GOWNS.

Handsome Maternity Gown, in fine quality Serge and beautiful Silk Poplin. All colours. Instantly increased ½ to 16 in. without alteration. Hangs gracefully and imparts slim appearance throughout natural period. Can be worn before or after maternity as ordinary garment. Also made to order in Silk, Satin, Crepe-de-Chine and Gabardine, from 63/- to 9 Gns. 42/-

SKIRTS.

Smart Tailor-made Maternity Skirts. Instantly increased ½ to 16 in. Always gives smart appearance throughout maternity period. In splendid quality Tweeds and Serges, guaranteed to wear well. Fits beautifully round waist and hips and hangs gracefully. Can also be supplied in fine quality Serge, all-wool Gabardine, and a variety of other materials. From 18/11 to 4 Gns. 15/11

CORSETS.

Royal Maternity Corset, Recommended by medical profession as absolutely indispensable The Fashion&Royal Maternity Corset is health-giving. Supports and preserves the figure, giving perfect comfort. Made by our experts. Also supplied at 21/-, 31/6, 42/- Also in Silk Brocbe and Silk Elastics, 3 Gns. 14/11

Write for particulars of Competition, also FREE WONDERFUL BABY BOOK (Everything for Mother and Baby). Fashions Bulletin and Patterns of Latest Materials—Post Free. Money refunded if not delighted.

All enquiries to be addressed to—

FINLAY'S, 250, Knightsworth Street (Opp Oldham Street), MANCHESTER, London Showrooms :—47, Duke Street (facing Selfridge's), W. 1.

Finlay's, the Maternity House of Great Britain.

GREAT REBUILDING SALE.

Bungalows, Motor Car Houses, Pavilions, Workshops, Sheds, Cycle Houses, Stables, &c. Must be cleared during next few weeks to make room for Building of our new factory.

To effect a quick clearance we are making a reduction of 33⅓ off our usual List Prices Best Materials and Workmanship only. Nett. Carriage Paid Prices.

Popular Hut.

	£	s.	d.
7ft. × 5 ft.	5	10	0
9ft. × 6ft.	7	5	0
10ft. × 7ft.	9	10	0
12ft. × 8ft.	11	10	0

Motor Car Houses.

	£	s.	d.
10ft. × 7ft.	11	7	6
12ft. × 8ft.	12	15	0
14ft. × 10ft.	17	17	6
18ft. × 12ft.	25	10	0

Portable Huts.

	£	s.	d.
7ft. × 5ft.	5	0	0
9ft. × 6ft.	8	0	0
10ft. × 7ft.	10	10	0
12ft. × 8ft.	12	15	0

Stable and Coachhouse.

	£	s.	d.
16ft. × 10ft.	24	0	0
18ft. × 10ft.	22	15	0
20ft. × 10ft.	29	0	0

Strong Floor Boards and Joists extra if required.

Illustrated List No. 22 Post Free.

A. WILLIAMS & CO. Ltd., Contractors, The Drive, Thornton Heath London, S.W.

TREATMENT or KNIFE?

VERY valuable evidence has been collected by *JOHN BULL* and published during the last few weeks bearing witness to the terrible dangers to which our children are exposed when undergoing operations for

ENLARGED TONSILS AND ADENOIDS.

The following is an extract from the powerful article which appeared last week :—

> "A rich or well-to-do man can consult his own doctor and act as he is advised, but the poor are ordered to submit their children to these operations to which there attaches so grave a risk. The tragedy, the horror of it all is that the parents have, or think they have, no option in the matter."

Assistance has now been forthcoming to establish a means whereby every reader of JOHN BULL may receive free advice from Dr. JOHN KYNASTON (the well-known protagonist of non-operative treatment) upon any case of Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids.

Experience has proved that 90 per cent. of the cases now operated upon may be cured at home—easily, quickly, and safely.

Enquiries are dealt with by Dr. Kynaston personally, and his impartial advice is available to all JOHN BULL readers without fee. Address your letters to :—

The Secretary,
The Kynaston Institute,
19, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Everyday emergencies

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, Etc.

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS.

CHEST COLDS, SORE THROAT.

NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE.

"ODDS ON" LINIMENT

No one in your house need suffer torture from nervous or Muscular complaints. No one need bear the pain and discomfort of sore throat, "tight" chest, stiff neck, etc. There is no NEED to suffer—if you will use "ODDS ON"—the pure oil Liniment. Keep "ODDS ON" handy—apply it directly the trouble begins, and instant ease, and soothing comfort is assured. While you rub it in the pain goes—these wonderful oils get at the root of the trouble and *dissolve* away the cause! "ODDS ON" is recommended by the medical profession—is used in Nursing Homes—has been found a positive blessing by thousands of sufferers from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Chest Colds, Sore Throats, Pains in the Back, Chilblains, Scalds, Bruises, etc.

All Chemists and Stores 1/3d. & 2/-.

FREE SAMPLE

You may have a FREE SAMPLE bottle if you send a post card TO-DAY. When you have *tried*, you will understand why we say that "ODDS ON" is *wonderful!!*

The "ODDS ON" Specifics Co. Ltd. (Dept. J.) 25 & 27 Cock Lane, Snow Hill, LONDON, E.C.3

"Bullets" Easter Offer!

2nd PRIZE	FIRST PRIZE	3rd PRIZE
£50	£500	£10
10 Prizes of £5		100 Prizes of 5/-
10 Prizes of £2-10		500 Prizes of 2/6
25 Prizes of 10/-	2,000 POPULAR NOVELS	2000 TARGET PRIZES

☞ "BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any one of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A Bargain. Bullet:—Wife Thinks Until Later. Competitors may send in two "Bullets" for sixpence. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 444.

AT GENOA	BRIGHTER LONDON	SPENDTHRIFTS	THE DIE-HARDS
THE COALITION'S END	MY DAY'S WORK	RED RAG	ON THE JURY
A FAIR COP	FRIENDLY PAT	PAYS BEST	WASHING DAY
WE MUST NOT FORGET	LOST AND FOUND	A DRAMA	TAKING GLOVES OFF
IN THE SPRING	SECOND DIVISION	FIRST HOME	ODDS AGAINST
GRIN AND BEAR IT	GARDENING	FAST	TAKING THE TIP
PERFORMING ANIMALS	SPANKING TIME	TOO TAME	WRONG PARTY
WHAT TO DO NEXT	A CONSOLATION	HAPPY LAND	FINISHING SCHOOL

Closing Date, Thursday, April 20th.

No. _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(444) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, April 20th.

No. _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(444) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 444. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, April 20th.

No. _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(444) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, April 20th.

No. _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(444) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the ruls and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Result of Competition No. 442 ("Bullets" Big Five offer) will be published in next week's issue.

BULLETS RULES | 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to John Bull and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 445.

UNDER RED FLAG	SERVED HOT
MASTER OF SITUATION	UNREST
HANDLING	WORSE FOR WEAR
RAGS AND TATTERS	LOOKING ON
AMUSING BABY	BETWEEN THE ACTS
WORSE THAN PAINTED	HOPE FOR THE BEST
DAILY STRUGGLE	IN THE END
SLIPPERY PATH	SAVING TIME
CHEAPER BEER	A BAD NAME
WITHOUT A FRIEND	CAN'T GET WORK

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, April 27th. All coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 445 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 445, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two examples for Competition 444.

RESULT OF OUR 22nd FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

The venue of one of the matches, Brighton and Hove Albion v. Luton Town, was altered after going to press. In these circumstances, in accordance with Rule 2, the fixture was disregarded. The following 13 competitors each sent a coupon containing a correct forecast of the remaining nine matches played on March 23rd, and, therefore, share the prize of £309, each receiving the sum of £23 1s. 7d.:—

Benham, N., "Homestead," High St., Castle Hadleigh, Essex.
Brown, Mrs., Burnford Cottage, Bramshaw, Hants.
Chettoe, 4, Harmer Hill, Shrewsbury.
Comer, H., 4, Lea Place, Sutton, Surrey.
Hill, J., Quemerford, Calne, Wilts.
Moon, H., 63, Meadow Road, Southborough, Kent.
Ormanay, G. F., 62, Ainslie St., Ulverston, Lancs.
O'Rourke, J., 33, Roanmore Cottage, Waterford, Ireland.
Syme, G., East Pilton, Kerry, Edinburgh.
Taylor, L., Heacham, Norfolk.
Tiller, A., 95, Tamworth Road, West Croydon.
Twynam, J., 56, Haldane Road, East Ham.
Webb, R. F., 24, Gt. Pulteney Street, W.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 444 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE AND LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed £5. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to Contents of Home by Fire up to.....	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes or One Limb and One Eye.....	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ..	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment up to..	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To.....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....
April 8, 1922.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to:—
John Bull INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C. 2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of John Bull with

..... Newsagent of

..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:

Name of Nominee .....
Address .....
Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Home Address .....
April 8, 1922 .....

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

£250 WINNER!

Mr. EDWARD COWARD, 16, Clarence Rd., Walmer, winner of £250 "Bullets" Prize in Competition No. 441.

CUP FINAL £1000 MUST BE WON CUP FINAL

FOR CORRECT OR NEAREST CORRECT COUPON WITH RESULT AND ATTENDANCE

This week we offer the huge prize of £1,000, which **MUST BE WON**, for the correct or nearest correct forecast of the result and attendance at the Cup Final between **HUDDERSFIELD** and **PRESTON NORTH END.**

NO GOAL SCORES ARE REQUIRED.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to give the result of the match and the number you think will attend. This Competition is

EXCLUSIVE TO "John Bull" and the "Sports Pictorial."

The £1,000 prize will be awarded in accordance with the result and attendance published in "The Sporting Life" of Monday, May 1st.

RESULT AND ATTENDANCE AT LAST TEN CUP FINALS.

	Attendance.		Attendance.
1908 Wolves beat Newcastle U.	74,967	1913 Aston Villa beat Sunderland	120,028
1909 Man. U. beat Bristol City	67,651	1914 Burnley beat Liverpool	72,778
1910 New. U. drew with Barnsley	76,980	1915 Sheffield U. beat Chelsea	49,457
1911 Bradf'd C. drew with New U.	69,098	1920 Aston Villa beat Hfld. Town	50,018
1912 Barnsley drew with W.B.A.	54,434	1921 Tott. Hotspur beat Wolves.	72,805

The above results and figures are taken from the "Athletic News" Football Annual.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from the issues of "John Bull" and "Sports Pictorial" announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary hand-writing (typewriting and pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct result and attendance at the Cup Final to be played on April 29th. If no competitor sends a coupon with both these forecasts correct, the £1,000 will be awarded to the sender of a coupon containing the correct result, and the most nearly correct forecast of the attendance. If for any reason full time be not played, the result up to half-time will be taken as the result of the match. The correct result will have priority of claim over figures of attendance. In the event of a tie the £1,000 prize will be equally divided. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £1,000.

(3) Any coupon which has marked upon it more than one cross or on which no cross is marked will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay, or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than **Thursday, April 27th** will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this Competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of Football Competition 23 appears on the opposite page.

Cut out coupon neatly and address all entries as follows:—Cup Final Competition, "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

COMPETITORS CAN SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE IN THE SAME ENVELOPE. SCOTTISH AND IRISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

"JOHN BULL" FREE CUP FINAL COUPON.

HOW TO FILL IN YOUR COUPON.

First make a careful study of the results and attendance at the last 10 Cup Finals, then, in one of the three spaces below, put an **X** in ink to indicate the result of the Cup Final and in the space headed "ATTENDANCE," write in ink the number you think will attend.

ONLY ONE X MUST APPEAR ON EACH COUPON.

HUDDERSFIELD v. PRESTON NORTH END

TO BE PLAYED AT STAMFORD BRIDGE APRIL 29th, 1922.

HUDDERSFIELD WIN	PRESTON N. E. WIN	DRAW	HUDDERSFIELD v. PRESTON N. E. ATTENDANCE Write Figures NOT Words.

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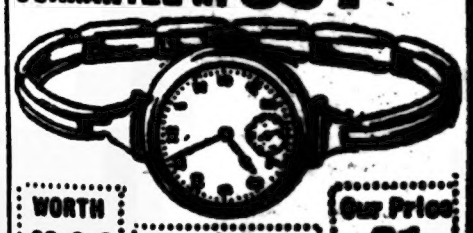

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